# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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### NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes.

For much help with the Christina Rossetti illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, Messrs. Macmillan, and Messrs. Blackie.

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The portrait of Christina Rossetti, reproduced on our cover and given as a presentation plate with this Number, is after a drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, from a photograph by Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co., supplied by the Art Illustration and Reproduction Co.

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In reply to many correspondents who have written to say they were unable to secure a copy of the Christmas Bookman, we express our regret that, owing to mechanical difficulties in connection with the colour plates, we were unable to reprint the Number or we would gladly have published a second edition, in order to comply with their wishes. We have been greatly gratified by the more numerous letters from our subscribers, congratulating us on the literary and artistic excellence of what was, we believe, the largest Christmas Number of any magazine published last year. Many of these correspondents give enthusiastic praise to the presentation plates it contained, in particular to those by Willy Pogany, Hugh Thomson, Charles Robinson, Edmund Dulac, Claude Shepperson and Arthur Rackham. We should like to print a selection of such letters but have space for only one that is a fair average example of all the rest :

"I have just received my Christmas number of The Bookman from my local bookseller," (writes Mr. Ernest M. Hall, of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire), "and hasten to offer my congratulations to you on such a superb production and to express the gratitude which I, together with surely all your many readers, must feel for this literary treat. I am fully conscious of the fact that among the many appreciations which you are sure to receive from learned men and women throughout the country, this small tribute of mine will be but as a grain of sand on the seashore, but none the less, I feel sure that it will be somewhat of a pleasure to you to know of the great boon which The Bookman has become to even so humble a reader as myself. I have now received The Bookman regularly for exactly three years, and I can safely say that far from being in any way tired of it, it becomes more necessary to me every month and the latest magnificent number surely signals the high water mark of success. The unique portfolio of colour plates by Mr. Thompson, the artistic plates by well-known artists which are found throughout the book; the unrivalled review of the season's huge output of literature; and the excellent literary articles by writers whose names are household words wherever English literature is appreciated; all these and probably many more

features which will appear on closer acquaintance with the work, go to form surely a record number, even among past BOOKMAN's, many of which will remain for ever among my most treasured literary possessions. Much more might I say, Sir, and still fail to do justice, but enough for my purpose. I felt, however, that I should be ingratitude itself if I allowed myself to enjoy all the treasures of this latest number without expressing a word of thanks."

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Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. are publishing a fine art edition of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's charming novel, "The Money Moon." The illustrations are by Mr. Arthur J. Keller and number sixty, thirty-six being full-page plates in colour, sepia and half-tone mono-tint.

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Mr. Richard Pryce is not one of those busy novelists who turn out at least one novel a year. On his latest and perhaps finest work in fiction, "Christopher" (which was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson) he spent five years of careful work. He writes slowly, but in the course of the last twenty years has produced some thirteen books. In the intervals of novel writing he has frequently turned to the stage. He collaborated with Mr. Frederick Fenn on a play of London life called "'Op o' My Thumb," which was first produced by the Stage Society, then at the St. James's Theatre, where Miss Hilda Trevelyan played the leading part, and at the Antoine in Paris, and in America, under Mr. Frohman's management. Another play of his, "Saturday to Monday," ran for a hundred nights at the St. James's; he collaborated with Mr. Arthur Morrison in "The Dumb-Cake," with Major W. P. Drury in "A Privy Council" (which reached its hundred and fiftieth performance at the Haymarket), and adapted "Little Miss Cummins" and "The Visit," for presentation at the Playhouse, from stories by Mrs. Mary E. Mann.

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*The English Review*, beginning with the January Number, is now published at the reduced price of one shilling monthly, but no alteration is made either in its size or the high literary standard of its contents. The new Number includes, among other notable contributions, the second of Mr. Frederic Harrison's personal articles, "Among My Books."

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Lady Bancroft has written a novel called "The Shadow of Neeme," which Mr. John Murray is publishing shortly. It is a love story, with what is described as a spiritual interest, and is said to prove, among other things, that Lady Bancroft can write excellent comedy as well as play it.

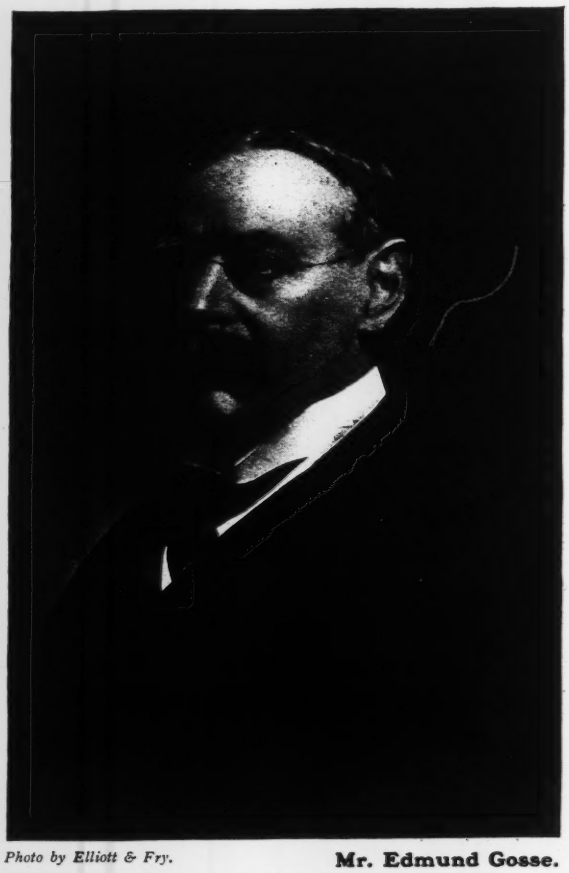

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* **Mr. Edmund Gosse.**

Whose collected Poems are reviewed on page 192, by Mr. Austin Dobson.

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Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published a new and revised edition of "The People's Insurance," explained by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George. It contains the amended Bill, with notes elucidating a number of the more difficult points in it.

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Mr. John Lane is publishing this month a story by Mr. Louis N. Parker entitled "Pomander's Walk." It is founded on Mr. Parker's play of the same name that was produced by Mr. Cyril Maude at the Haymarket and has had a very long run in America.

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Mr. Tom Gallon is to be congratulated on the favourable reception accorded to his play "The Great Gay Road" on its production the other day at the Court Theatre. Reversing Mr. Parker's way, he made his play out of his novel, and a new edition of the novel has now been included in Messrs. John Long's Shilling Net series.

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Mr. Martin Secker is publishing a new book by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, whose first novel, "A Passionate Elopement," issued last January, has already gone through some five editions and is still in constant demand. In his new story, "Carnival,"

Mr. Mackenzie quits the romantic atmosphere of the eighteenth century and adventures into the life of modern London and the West Country.

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Mr. Frowde has published a "Book-Lover's Anthology" at two shillings under the editorship of Mr. R. M. Leonard. It is a good sized volume, artistically bound, and contains a very large and well-arranged collection in prose and poetry of "detached thoughts on books and reading."

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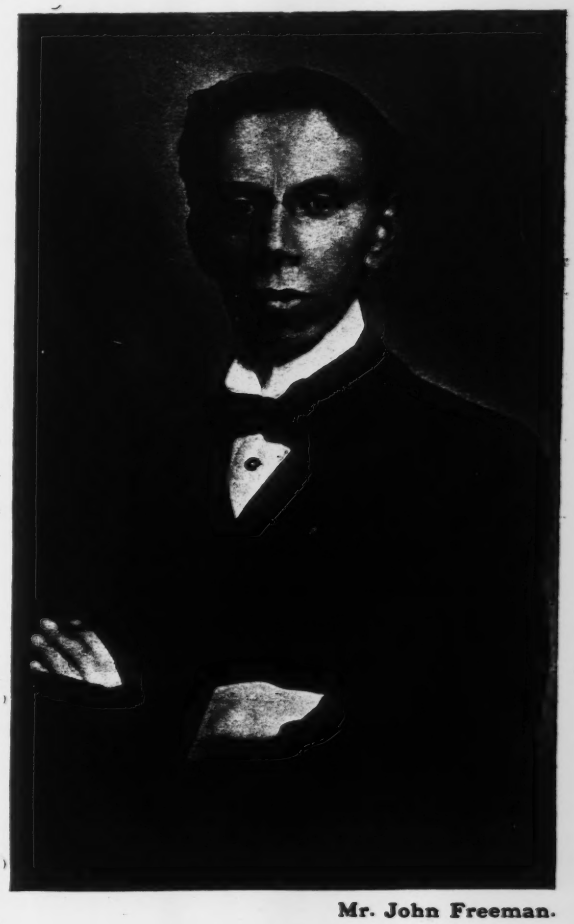
Mr. John Freeman, whose new volume of "Fifty Poems" (Herbert & Daniel) we review in this Number, is a Londoner born and bred. He is a young man, still in the earliest thirties, and this is his second book; his first, "Twenty Poems," made its appearance two years ago, and was hailed at once as the work of a true poet. Mr. Freeman has contributed a good many reviews and signed articles to the *Academy*, and elsewhere, and is at present engaged on a volume of essays which form a close and sympathetic criticism of the modern spirit in letters. "Fifty Poems" is dedicated, by the way, to that fine poet and critic and friend of many poets, Mrs. Alice Meynell.

*Photo by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.* **Mrs. C. C. Cairns.**
Whose "Noble Women" (published by Messrs. Jack) has been one of the most popular gift-books of the season.



**Mr. John Freeman.**

Mr. Douglas Sladen is collaborating with Miss Humphris in a work on Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Australian poet, and asks us to say that he would be grateful if all those who have letters or reminiscences of Gordon and his friends which they would like to appear in the volume would kindly communicate with him at the Avenue House, Richmond, Surrey.

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The admirable address delivered by Mr. Augustine Birrell, at Rochdale, on the occasion of the John Bright Centenary Celebration has been issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin as a sixpenny pamphlet.

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"Down the Corridors of Time," a new novel by "Nomad," whose last book was published twenty years ago, is to be issued shortly by Mr. John Ouseley.

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The prize in Mr. Andrew Melrose's two hundred and fifty guinea Novel Competition has been awarded to Miss Miriam Alexander for a story entitled "The House of Lisronan." Miss Alexander is an Irishwoman, living in County Dublin, and this is her first novel.

**Miss Ellen Kay.**
The well-known Swedish author whose "Love and Marriage" (Putnams) is meeting with considerable success.

"Windfrint," a new novel on which Mr. Wilkinson Sherren is engaged, is a story of present day life in London and Wessex, and touches incidentally on certain aspects of the feminist movement. He expects to have it completed for publication, by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., this spring.

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The February BOOKMAN will be a Charles Dickens' Centenary Number, and will contain a special article on "Dickens's Life and Work," by B. W. Matz; an article on the topography of Dickens's Novels, etc. The Number will be fully illustrated with portraits, facsimilies, and sketches and photographs of places associated with Dickens. We have already made reference to the new edition of Forster's "Life of Dickens," that contains over five hundred illustrations, selected, arranged and annotated by Mr. Matz. It is published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and the Waverley Book Company has now made arrangements to supply the book on the popular instalment system. No living writer is a more expert authority on Dickens lore than Mr. B. W. Matz, and under his supervision this new issue of Forster's great biography has been made, as one eminent critic has said, "by far the most fully and intelligently illustrated edition of any English classic that we ever remember to have encountered."

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Miss Beatrice Harraden has completed a new novel which will probably be published this spring.

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A new addition to Mr. John Murray's useful "Questions of the Day" series is to be "The Case Against Tariff Reform" by Mr. E. Enever Todd, of the Free Trade Union. This is a reply to Archdeacon Cunningham's volume in the same series on the other side of the same question.

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Those who do not yet know how to be happy though married may get practical help towards that knowledge by reading Mr. J. W. C. Haldane's little shilling book on "Married Life Variously Considered" (Simpkin, Marshall). Mr. Haldane is a practical man, a consulting engineer of thirty years' standing and author of several successful books on steamships, railway engineering, and so forth. Here, however, he turns from railway lines to marriage lines and shows himself as good a guide to the unwritten poetry of life as to the severely business parts of it.

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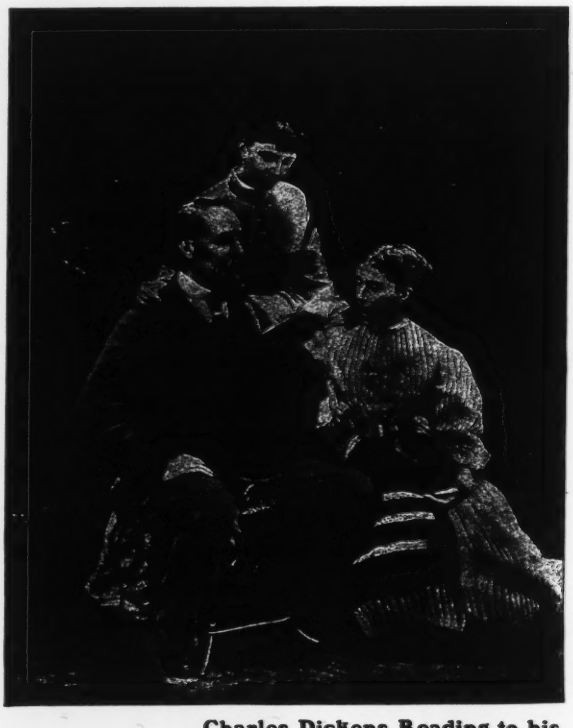
For much assistance with the general illustrations in this Number our thanks are due to the kindness of Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co., Messrs. Mills & Boon, Mr. John Long, Messrs. Stanley, Paul & Co., Messrs. Putnams, Messrs. Jack, The Waverley Book Co., and Messrs. Macmillan.



**Charles Dickens Reading to his Daughters (Mamie and Katey) on the Lawn at Gad's Hill Place.**
From "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster (Chapman & Hall and Waverley Book Co.).

# "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## JANUARY, 1912.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best new nursery rhyme, in not more than eight lines of verse.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mr. CHARLES POWELL, of Dovedale, Victoria Park, Manchester, for the following:

SOME NEIGHBOURS. By C. GRANVILLE. (Swift.)

"You can't get away from the tune that they play."
KIPLING, *Screw Guns.*

We also select for printing:

THE FRENCH IDEAL. By MADAME DUCLAUX. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The French have taste in all they do
Which we are quite without,
For Nature, that to them gave *goût*
To us gave only gout."
LORD ERSKINE.

(Ernest F. Seymour, 28, Kingsgate Road, Kilburn, N.W.)

HISTORY OF PAINTING. By HALDANE MACFALL. (Jack.)

"Where's the cheek that doth not fade?"
KEATS, *Fancy.*

(M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere, S.E.)

THE TROUBLED POOL. By J. GRIFFITH FAIRFAX. (Smith, Elder.)

"Fur they leäved their nasty sins i' *my* pond,
An' it poisoned the cow."
TENNYSON, *The Churchwarden and the Curate.*

(Miss M. C. Hildick, 27, Melrose Road, Sheffield.)

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. By IZAAK WALTON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"His immeasurable falsehoods!"
LONGFELLOW, *The Song of Hiawatha.*

WILLIAM THE SILENT. By RUTH PUTNAM. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Each time as I start I means to speak,
But the moment I tries,
I catches her eyes,
And the elegant speech goes bust."
F. LANGBRIDGE, *Amos Dunn's Wooing.*

(Rev. E. C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)

AS HE WAS BORN. By TOM GALLON. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"It wasn't round nor was it square—
Nor three-cornered as some noses be!
But upon my conscience I do declare
'Twas a mixture of all the three!"
HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN, *The Mother's Lament.*

(Miss A. M. S. Richey, 13, Cromwell Road, Belfast.)

II.—There were a fair number of entries for this competition, but the standard attained was not particularly high, and most of the competitors confined their attentions either to Mr. Chesterton's bulk or Mr. Shaw's supposed opinion of himself. We award the Prize of THREE BOOKS to Mr. BERNARD POULTNEY, of Ulverston, for the best imaginary NEW YEAR RESOLUTION, by a well-known author:

"Not a false moustache, not a fur-lined coat,
Not a prince stabbed to death in a hovel;
No Embassy Ball and no scented note
Shall appear in my this year's novel."
WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Good work was done by the following: Albert E. Halliday (Leeds), Evelyn Perres (Ramsgate), Tom Sefton (Bolton), Fred Batty (Leeds), Rev. E. C. Lawson (South Woodford), R. G. Lovatt (Victoria Park), William Morriss (Sheffield), S. Poultney (Ulverston), Rev. T. A. Lindsay (Inverness), Miss E. A. Abbott (Old Malton), Mrs. C. Cochrane (Solihull), F. Rhodes (Scarborough), Frances W. Casson (Putney), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), John Murdoch (Edinburgh), Emily Kingston (Blairgowrie), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), and A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield).

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. K. S. VENKATARAMANI, of 78, Victoria Hotel, Chepauk Gardens, Madras, for the following:

THE IDEALS OF INDIAN ART. By E. B. HAVELL. (John Murray.)

Mr. Havell is truly the knight-errant of Hindu art. He is an Occidental only by an accident. With a deep sympathy for, and a sound knowledge of, the spiritual bent of the Hindu mind

he discovers in our art, not a barbaric symbolism bereft of meaning, beauty, taste, grace or elegance, but an eloquent and highly-imaginative picture of the mental postures of a race gifted with spiritual vision. Hindu art is born of Hindu thought; the devotional feeling has a persistent expression. To perceive this needs a catholic taste. Surely, this book will be an eye-opener to many Englishmen.

Other good reviews received are:

THE EVERLASTING MERCY. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The common man comes apace to his kingdom. In this piece of masterly workmanship, Mr. Masefield lifts his imagination fearlessly to the task of revealing the village drunkard in conflict with *his* "Everlasting No"; a struggle with Darkness, now sickening and foul, now mounting to a wild frenzy, now full of pity and stifled tears. Always it is clanging with life; crisp and deadly accurate. We begin to thirst for goodness and beauty, and at last, over the tempest of this soul too, Light breaks. The whole earth leaps to singing. Man goes to his task—Christ is in the field. Mr. Masefield's work is vital with poetry.

(Raymond Taunton, "Ingleside," Albany Road, Coventry.)

THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND. By H. G. WELLS. (Nelson.)

These stories contrast utterly with the later novels: so utterly that one marvels. They are written with absolute clarity—effective unaffectedness. Wells has nearly all the attributes: sensationalism, psychology, humour, and poetry; and all are foils for one another. Only a very spacious mind could contain so many qualities, such radically conflicting moods. Logic is the vital principle of his work; and it is the logic of a scientist shorn of sentiment; but imagination, flamboyant and mercurial, is almost equally developed; and the fusion of the two produces a quite individual brand—one impossible of imitation by any living writer.

(Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK: A CRITICAL STUDY. By A. MARTIN FREEMAN. (Secker.)

This book is critical rather than biographical, throwing little fresh light on Peacock's personality or uneventful life, here compared to the course of a lonely stream. Mr. Freeman is a Peacockian enthusiast. He does full justice to Peacock's wit and scholarship, considerable space being devoted to the early poems, and to identifying characters in the novels—so called—with their prototypes, particularly the "studies" of Shelley. The chapters concerning the latter's friendship with Peacock are not the least interesting in this admirable study of a satirist and poet whose delightful writings are unique in literature.

(Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

THE FRUITFUL VINE. By ROBERT HICHENS. (Fisher Unwin.)

The story of Dolores Cannynge's tragic love for her husband, and the complete sacrifice of herself upon the altar of that love, is told with delicacy and restraint. In spite of Mr. Hichens' amazing insight into the soul of a despairing woman, it remains difficult to realise that one so good and pure as Dolores could act as she did. Her death, which, so far as she is concerned, brings the book to the only possible conclusion, rather leaves room for speculation regarding the ultimate fate of her child, and of those who knew and understood its real history.

(Margery Wilkins, Uttoxeter.)

LAURA. By CAROLINE GROSVENOR. (Heinemann.)

It is not fair to upbraid the girl who concludes that, in marriage, a rational combination of money and love is preferable to a sentimental basis of love and little else. Almost as well find fault with the man who finds it impossible to enjoy his dinner without condiments. For we live in a material world and, if love *is* the meat of life, money is certainly the appetising condiment. In Laura we are shown a girl who has to decide in this matter, and the result is exhibited with naturalness and sympathy, with a refreshing absence of special pleading.

(James Brenton, 27, Chesthunt Road, Tottenham.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent by Rose B. Froud (Southsea), Miss A. G. M. Sopwith (Handsworth), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton at Hone), W. H. Gillman (Devizes), Louise A. Beveridge (Belfast), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson, M.A. (Scarborough), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. Walton (Gainsborough), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), K. Fisher (Warwick), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), George Brown (Harthill), I. Harrison (Bristol), L. R. Lodge (Norwood), Lilian M. Wagstaff (Leighton Buzzard), I. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Leith Gordon (Birmingham), F. W. Lawfield (Galveston), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Lilian G. Ping (Leytonstone), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Fred E. Bolt (Anerley), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Cecily M. Rutley (Catford), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), William Morriss (Sheffield), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), R. G. Lovatt (Victoria Park, S.E.), Miss E. Ellis (Leicester), Miss V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Fred Batty (Leeds), Mrs. F. L. Payne (St. Austell), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Tom Sefton (Bolton), George Stanton (Leicester), Miss Richey (Belfast), and Andrew H. Brown (Barnsbury, N.)

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to EMILY KINGTON, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, N.B.

V.—This Competition has proved very popular and an unusually large number of entries have been received. Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," has been represented with unfailing regularity among the entries of almost every competitor, while other much quoted writers comprise Byron, Wordsworth, Homer, Rudyard Kipling, and Jack London. We have awarded the THREE PRIZES to Mr. CHARLES POWELL, of Dovedale, Victoria Park, Manchester; Mr. LAURENCE TARR, of 17, Central Park Road, East Ham, E.; and Miss G. N. NORTHCOTT, Alderley, Church Road, West Kirby, near Birkenhead, for the following:

(1) THE COMPANIONSHIP OF DOGS.

"And it was thus that, the other day, before his illness, I saw my little Pelléas sitting on his tail at the foot of my writing-table, his head a little on one side the better to question me, at once attentive and tranquil, as a saint should be in the presence of God. He was happy with a happiness which we, perhaps, shall never know, since it sprang from the smile and the approval of a life incomparably higher than his own. He was there, studying, drinking in all my looks, and he replied to them gravely, as from equal to equal, to inform me, no doubt, that at least through the eyes, the almost immaterial organ that transformed into affectionate intelligence the light which we enjoyed, he well knew that he was saying to me all that love should say."

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, *My Dog*.

(Charles Powell.)

(2) THE LOSS OF A DOG.

"Nobody knows, except you and me, and those who have experienced the like affections, what it is to love a dog and lose it. Grant the love and the loss is imaginable, but I complain of the fact that people who will not or cannot grant the love set about wondering how one is not ashamed to make a fuss for a dog. . . . For my part, my eyelids have swelled and reddened, both for the sake of lost dogs and birds, and I do not feel particularly ashamed of it."

MRS. BROWNING to MR. WESTWOOD.

(Laurence Tarr.)

(3) THE INTELLIGENCE OF DOGS.

"And all through that night of age-long agony the grey figure stood, still as a statue at the foot of the stairs. Only when with the first chill breath of the morning a dry quick-quenched sob of a strong man sorrowing for the helpmeet of a score of years, and a tiny cry of a new-born child wailing because its mother was not, came into his ears, the Grey Watchman drooped his head upon his bosom, and with a little whimpering note crept back to his blanket. A little later, the door above opened and James Moore tramped down the stairs.

"At the foot of the stairs Owd Bob stole out to meet him. He came crouching up as though guilty of the deadly sin, head and tail down, in a manner no man ever saw before or since.

"At his master's feet he stopped and whined pitifully.

"Then for one short moment James Moore's whole face quivered.

"'Weel, lad,' he said, quite low, and his voice broke, 'she's awa'.'

"That was all—for they were an undemonstrative couple."

ALFRED OLLIVANT, *Owd Bob.*

(Miss G. N. Northcott.)

We also specially commend the good work of the following: Miss V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Len Harling (Skipton-in-Craven), K. Fisher (Warwick), Miss Stewart-Cockerton (Southampton), Miss C. Johnson (Malton), Rosie Speight (Leeds), E. Briggs (Old Charlton), J. N. Adamson (Liverpool), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss M. G. Morton (Walmer), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Ethel M. Odell (Forest Gate), Miss Hext (St. Austell), Miss Mason (Ashford), Miss Bella Mackenzie (Edinburgh), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Dorothy K. Hines (Ipswich), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), John Gower (Haverhill), Fred E. Holt (Anerley), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), F. Rhodes (Scarborough), M. Capper (Saffron Walden), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Alice M. Morgan (Sheffield), Miss E. L. Conyers (Ben Rhydding), E. J. Notcutt (Leamington), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrew's), Mrs. A. E. Sell (Wanstead), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), John Birrell (Belfast), Edward J. Hales (Wolverhampton), Miss Paterson (Fleet), A. R. Williams (Worcester), John Murdoch (Edinburgh), J. U. Adamson (Liverpool), Miss R. K. Polkinghorne (West Kensington), and S. A. Doody (Boscombe).

# The Booksellers' Diary.

## LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

***January 1st to February 1st, 1912.***

### Mr. B. T. Batsford.

BRIGGS, R. A., F.R.I.B.A.—Pompeian Decorations. Illustrated in a series of Coloured Drawings reproduced by three-colour process, and by many pencil drawings reproduced in half-tone. Accompanied by Descriptive Text. 25s. net.

### Messrs. A. & C. Black.

William Robertson Smith: His Life and Letters. Edited by John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal.

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# THE READER.

## SANTA CHRISTINA.

By Katharine Tynan.

MY first acquaintance with Christina Rossetti came about in 1885, after I had published my first volume of poems, "Louise de la Vallière." I did not send it to the great, indiscriminatingly, as the young poets of those days were wont to do; but because I was Rossetti-mad at the time, because the little book was very Rossettian—a good deal of it had been written, nevertheless, before I had read Dante Gabriel—I sent it to William Michael Rossetti. I may recall that the first Rossetti book I ever owned—number one of the two famous volumes published by Ellis and Elvey, with the Rossetti design on the cover—was purchased with the 10s. 6d. which the *Graphic* had paid me for a poem: and well I remember buying it in the Dublin book-shop and carrying it home hugged against my heart, the colour and glory of it irradiating my day. Rossetti had succeeded Mrs. Browning with me. There was a time when I used to repeat "The Brown Rosary" as I raced along the country roads, running from exhilaration in the poetry and my youth, till the sight of a gaping urchin shocked me into decorum. But "The Brown Rosary" and "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" had been replaced by "The Blessed Damozel" and "The Staff and Scrip," before ever "Louise de la Vallière" saw the light! Those were days when I had a great deal of Dante Gabriel by heart and used to say him over to myself by day and by night. The little book was an arrow shot in the dark. Picture then the incredulous delight of the rustic maiden when an early post brought a long letter from Mr. William Rossetti, full of praise of the book, and inviting her to select from a list of the Hollyer photographs of Rossetti's pictures any half-dozen! I thought, and still think it, royal kindness—gold for bronze indeed. The letter came on a summer Sunday morning, and I can yet recall the joy of my heart as I read it aloud to the father who shared all my joys.

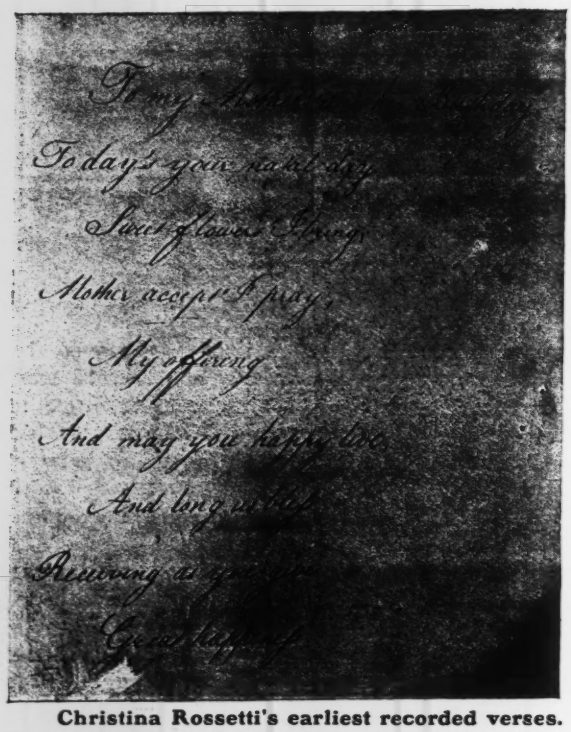
The letter contained a suggestion that I should send the book to Christina, who had read my letter to her brother and had been greatly interested. I suppose they were amused and pleased at my frank Rossetti adoration. It was indeed a name of enchantment to me in those days. I sent the book with a heart and a half, and a few days later brought me a most kind and warm letter from Christina, with the photographs of the pictures I had chosen which still are among my cherished possessions.

The remainder of that summer and the autumn were marked by white-stone days on which I received letters from either William or Christina Rossetti. I used to send them all I wrote, and they never failed in kindest acknowledgment. I realize now that my youthful enthusiasm might well have been a bore; but if these kind people, who to me were up in the skies above me—as indeed Christina was—touched with even more than the enchantment which hung for me then over all people of literary achievement, felt it so at any time, they never betrayed it by a sign. I used to wait for their letters, turning cold with apprehension if they were delayed—having a correspondingly warm rush of joy when the envelopes with William Michael's beautiful little caligraphy or Christina's large clear hand, were in my post-bag some happy morning. I have a good many letters of Christina's of that date, but they are not at this moment accessible, and I think they were chiefly concerned with the poems I sent her. "More than *gifts* I value *graces*," she wrote to me once, in praise of a poem of mine: and I think she liked me because of my religious poems.

*Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.* **Christina Rossetti.**
From a drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

Sometime in that winter I was in London, and was bidden to William Rossetti's house in Euston Square—Endsleigh Gardens, rather—and to 30, Torrington Square, Christina's unlikely home for so many years.

I paid Christina several visits that winter, and I daresay they may have been visitations, but I'm sure if they were so that I must have been pressed to remain. The Rossettis were always true Bloomsbury people. Torrington Square was near William Rossetti; and the



**Christina Rossetti's earliest recorded verses.**
Written on 27th April, 1842, when she was aged 12. They are addressed to her mother on her birthday.

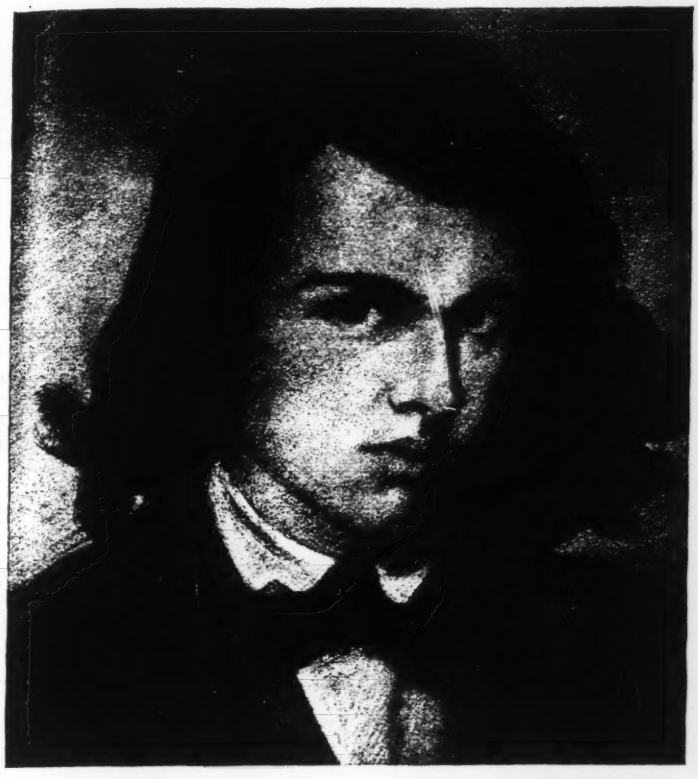
family ties with Christina were close and dear. It was near her favourite church. It was convenient for the many people who came to see her. She told me that she had crowds of American visitors, and she did not deny herself to them. I must, I think, have visited Christina in summer later on: but I have no memory of it. My memory is always of dark and wet winter evenings: of the little oblong London square, the lamp-light shining on its dripping evergreens; of the darkness of the little house to which I was admitted where Santa Christina shone like a light. The last time I saw her, within the weeks immediately preceding her death, she lay on a sofa, the light burning brighter and brighter as the frail vessel that held it grew more and more transparent.

That first afternoon we sat in the dusk, I, at one side of the fireplace, facing the great old mother of the Rossettis, who was then in her eighties. There was still living in the house an old Miss Polidori, or perhaps two. I seem to remember Christina taking one, or perhaps two, to Torquay, where she always made her infrequent holidays. The room was very dim. I do not think there was bright firelight. But as time went Christina lit a couple of candles. I remember the grave, noble face watching me with great interest and kindness. My adoration for Dante Rossetti had pleased and touched them. I exuded it. In those days my grief was that I could not have won one word of his approval. Sometimes Mrs. Rossetti bent to ask Christina what I had said; and when it was conveyed to her, the steadfast, fine old face turned on me its look of pleased approval. Once Christina said something about her mother, who leant forward and patted her knee, murmuring, "My affectionate Christina."

I remember that it was something of a shock to me to receive at my first sight of Christina an impression of short-petticoated sturdiness. She was not in the least bit sturdy. Probably she would have loved the trailing Pre-Raphaelite garments which just then were all the vogue; the beautiful colours to which Liberty's were just introducing us. Doubtless it was a mortification of the flesh or the spirit to wear, as she did, thick boots and short rough grey skirts. As far as they could they made her almost ugly, for the spiritual face, with the heavily-lidded eyes, had nothing to do with those garments fit for a ten-mile walk over ploughed fields. She had scruples about the sadness of her poetry. "I was a melancholy girl," she said, "so I am a very cheerful old lady." She was not an old lady, but she had chosen, so far as she could, to be Victorian middle-aged. Something of a death-in-life it seemed to the girl coming in from outside, to be shut up in an ill-lit house in Torrington Square, with two or three old ladies getting up to their centuries. One wondered that she did not make it more tolerable by living in the country. But she chose Torrington Square. I wonder if she hated it as much as she ought to have hated it.

I had come fresh from William Rossetti's house where I had handled—as though it were the Grail—the Germ, and had inspected all manner of relics of Dante Gabriel. I had been given a short note of his, asking if Mrs. Stillman had come to town, an immemorable thing, but memorable to the disciple; also a characteristic note of Christina's: "My dear William, I will come on Thursday, so far as human prevision can ensure it," an escape from the hackneyed "D.V." Christina too took down from walls and out of desks all sorts of pictures and sketches of "Dear Gabriel," and "Poor little Lizzie." We talked about Christina's poetry. I wish I remembered more clearly what was said. One poem we discussed was "Milly, a Lady." Is that the title I wonder? My books are out of reach and I cannot be sure. But I

**30, Torrington Square.**
Christina Rossetti's residence for 19 years, and where she died.



*National Portrait Gallery.* **Dante Gabriel Rossetti.**
Drawn by himself in 1846.

remember the verse I quoted. And now I think that must have been why Mrs. Rossetti, the other side of the fire murmured, "My affectionate Christina."

"Milly has no mother; and sad beyond another
Is she whose blessed mother is vanished out of call.
Surely sweetness beyond sweetness is wrapped up in a mother
Who bears with all, and trusts through all, and loves us all."

"Ah," said Christina, "I remember how Gabriel said when I read it to him: 'You've been reading 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.' And I had," she added.

I don't know if it was then or at some other time that she told me she never stepped on a scrap of torn paper, but lifted it out of the mud lest perhaps it should have the Holy Name written or printed upon it.

I went away that evening loaded with books, her own—she gave me at one time or another all she had written—other books as well. It was she who introduced me to "Cranford." I carried off what was probably a first edition, with a Polidori name written in it. She laughed a great deal over "Cranford," turning the pages and recalling this or that. I think I went away uneasy because of her pretence of robustness, of brusquerie, almost.

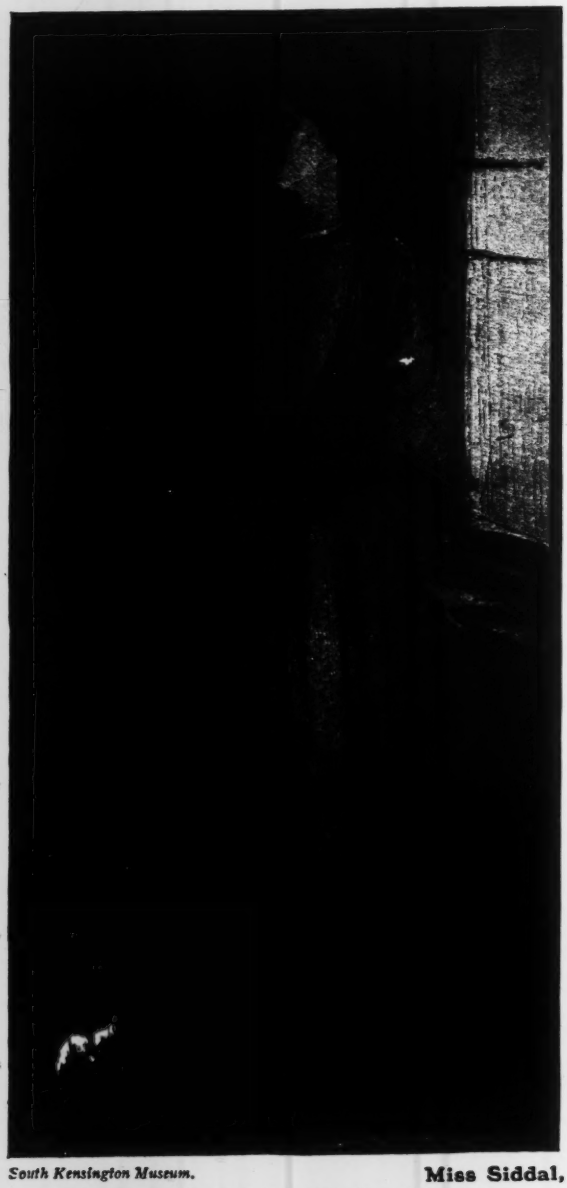
Then on some other wet winter evening I carried off her umbrella. I had some considerable difficulty in restoring it, for though I set out several times with that object I did not succeed in achieving it till the eve of my leaving London, and then, I think, I took three hansoms, before I finally reached Torrington Square. I forget what my adventures were, but I know she was greatly diverted by my recital of them. "That sad tale of an umbrella!" she wrote afterwards: "and all the time I had another, not elegant, I admit, but quite serviceable." The one I had taken was, by the way, quite gampish. It belonged to that period when she was determined to be Victorian middle-aged, she the "undaunted daughter of desires!"

"I am not sure that I have one drop of Irish blood in me," she wrote once, "but if there is a drop, it is a very warm one."

Once—it was in the day of the interview—I sought to interview her. She would not be interviewed, or rather she put it in this way: "Would I come to see her and ask what I liked, only remembering that she had a dislike to being interviewed for the Press." This naturally had a very deterrent effect. I went and saw her; but no interview was written.

**Christina Rossetti and her Mother.**
Drawn by D. G. Rossetti.
From "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by H. C. Marillier. (G. Bell & Sons.)
By permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

I certainly saw her on her sofa in her last illness. My impression is that I called to inquire, not intending nor hoping to see her, but that my name being taken up to her she wished to see me. Anyhow I was with her for a few moments, a farewell visit it proved. I think as she lay there, so gentle and patient, holding my hand, that she was really panting for Heaven. No one could grudge her her happpy release; her happy ending that was only the prelude to the happiest beginning, although London, which must have many saints behind its dark house-fronts, had a saint the less.



*South Kensington Museum.* **Miss Siddal,**
who was married to D. G. Rossetti in 1860, and died in 1862.
From a chalk drawing by Rossetti made about 1854.

'Tis O, in Paradise I fain would be!

All her poetry rings with the cry. Her vision of Paradise was very clear:

Multitudes, multitudes stood up in bliss
Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair:
With palms, harps, wedding-garments, kiss of peace,
And crowned and haloed hair.

*Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.* **Lucy Rossetti.**
(Mrs. W. M. Rossetti.)

They sang a song, a new song in the height,
Harping with harps to Him who is Strong and True:
They drank new wine: their eyes saw with new light.
Lo, all things were made new!

Tier beyond tier they rose and rose and rose,
So high that it was dreadful: flames with flames.
No man could number them, no tongue disclose
Their secret sacred names.

*Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.* **Mrs. William Morris.**
From a painting by Rossetti.

As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood
Fed all, one breath swept through them myriad-voiced
They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood
And worshipped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one way like a moon new-lit:
Each face looked one way towards the Sun of Love;
Drank love and bathed in love and mirrored it
And knew no end thereof.

**"My heart is like a singing bird."**

Illustrating "A Birthday" in "Poems by Christina Rossetti." (Blackie & Son.)
From a colour plate by Florence Harrison.

The intensity of this realization of the Beatific Vision must have irradiated her life, wherever it was spent, with a glory beyond telling. Perhaps that was why Torrington Square held her as contentedly as the lovely country where she might have dwelt if she had chosen.

All the world that cares to know knows that Christina might have married two or three times. Her last vision of earthly happiness, foregone by her because her lover could not accept what to her was life and breath, was afforded her by the love of the Cayley who translated Petrarch. She was very hard on her lover and herself, but she never repented the hardness I think, in her later judgment, though a less greatly-loving woman might have found justification for being happy in certain texts of St. Paul. It is this latest of her lovers whom she bade to many a passionate tryst when her heart spoke in the abandonment of her poetry:

Shall I forget on this side of the grave?
I promise nothing: you must wait and see—
Patient and brave.
(Oh my soul, watch with him and he with me.)

Shall I forget in peace of Paradise?
I promise nothing: follow, friend, and see—
Faithful and wise.
(Oh, my soul, keep the way he walks with me.)

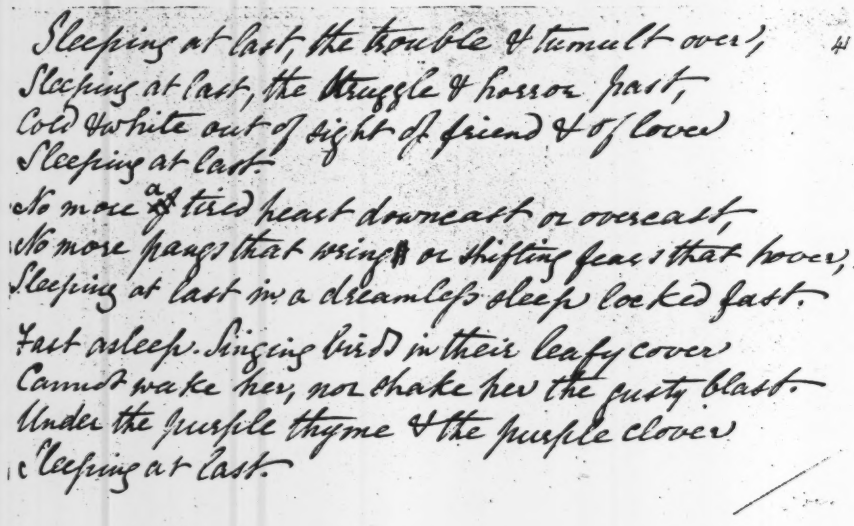
I think in spite of the human passion which beats through much of her poetry she was of the women who are called to be Brides of Christ, own sister to St. Teresa and St. Catharine of Siena. Perhaps it was part of her greatness, of the whole woman she was, that she laid such passionate hold on the human love and relinquished it with such pangs and tears.

Oh dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter-sweet:
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting, longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening in, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams that I may live
My very life again, though cold in death.
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

She was not Italian for nothing. What on earth had she to do, this flame-hearted saint, with the grey streets of London, above all with Bloomsbury, more than all with the Mid-Victorian and Early-Victorian woman she tried to look like? There was nothing at all of England in her way of loving, the mortal love or the Divine love. She might have been one of those Italian nuns of whom Mrs. Humphry Ward says that, deprived of their daily Communion, they faint and wither. She was a born mystic. England had no part in her; but

England is immeasurably the gainer for that revolutionary bee in the bonnet which drove Gabriele Rossetti out of Italy and into England. Christina belonged to the Church of England by a strange accident. I am far from saying that her poetry did not gain much from her being brought up on the English Bible.



Sleeping at last, the trouble & tumult over,
Sleeping at last, the struggle & horror past,
Cold & white out of sight of friend & of lover
Sleeping at last.

No more a tired heart downcast or overcast,
No more pangs that wring, or shifting fears that hover,
Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep locked fast.

Fast asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover
Cannot wake her, nor shake her the gusty blast.
Under the purple thyme & the purple clover
Sleeping at last.

Facsimile of verses (now in the British Museum) written by Christina Rossetti. In a note accompanying these verses Mr. W. M. Rossetti states: "The verses I think, must be the last Christina ever wrote—perhaps late in 1893 or early in 1894."

Perhaps if it had not been for the accident her poetry would have gained in another respect. She might have been free of that love of dwelling on the material aspect of death, which gives a certain sickly hue to this radiant creature's else rapturous poetry. Someone said of Christina's early poems that she could never keep the worms out of them. Well, perhaps that was partly the English Bible. But I imagine it may also have been —Torrington Square. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Christina Rossetti stands head and shoulders above all other women who have written English poetry. Where she stands in the line of poets, men as well as women, time will prove, and the judgment that sits in judgment, sifting, apportioning for immortality, beyond the futilities of contemporary judgment, blown about by many winds. If one may venture an opinion, among the Victorian poets, she and Browning will take the first place. Mystic and vestal virgin as she was, she was so much woman that the love she had refused and set on one side, preferring a heavenly love to an earthly, was her inspiration scarcely less than the heavenly. It inspired the "Monna Innominata," the noblest series of sonnets given to the world by a woman.

Another reminiscence and I am done. Some time in the early 'nineties my assistance was asked in collecting autographed books by famous English writers for the bookstall at an American bazaar. I was more adventurous then than I am now, and my cheerful confidence was well repaid. The great were all or nearly all propitious. Christina, with characteristic generosity, sent me all her own books, and—two or three volumes by Mr. Cayley. So that she had not lost spiritual touch with him even then. Some of the books were late for the bazaar and came back, among them these volumes by Christina's life-long lover, which are still in my possession.

Some time in the 'eighties I made the acquaintance of a little lady of very tender age, who was Christina's godchild and the happy possessor of Christina's coral and Christina's baby string of beads. I envied that little lady. I envy her now. Christina's necklace, well, who knows what ills Christina's necklace might charm away, how potent her coral might be against evil enchantments? She would perhaps have been shocked at the suggestion. Her poetry tells us that she regarded herself as a sinner. Yet surely no one in our time was more of the stuff of saints, fitter for the Kingdom, than crowned and haloed and palm-branched Santa Christina.

## THE PAPACY AND MODERN TIMES.*

By R. H. Benson.

DR. BARRY is too great a writer to preach loudly in any written work, above all, in a work which has as its object the statement of historical facts; for, in such an enterprise, unless the facts themselves preach a moral, no imported lesson can be anything except one-sided and untrue. The facts with which he has to deal are innumerable and enormous, since they are illustrative of nothing less than the two great principles of Sacred and Secular, as these have manifested themselves in the Western history of the last two thousand years. On the one side stand the civil governments of the world, from Cæsar to the President of the United States; on the other stands Rome, exhaustively logical, as Catholics think her; over-developed and partial, as Protestants think her; yet, in any case, a commanding type of the claim to represent God. For, whatever may be the theological views of a man, he cannot deny that, as a matter of historical fact, she has stood for Christianity on the stage of the world's history as no other denomination has yet been able to stand; she numbers half the Christian world at the present day; she has moved among kings as well as among their subjects; she has made terms with this, has defied a second, and has been defied by a third.

The facts then are innumerable. In his prologue Dr. Barry sketches the formation of Christendom, and

* "The Papacy and Modern Times." By William Barry, D.D. 1s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

the gradual emergence of the Vatican to that position which Catholics believe to have been designed by the Divine Founder of Christianity, which Protestants believe was brought about by the stress and movement of history. "The Vatican," says the author, "is a name more august than the Parthenon, . . . full of millennial hopes and the pathos of man's history, nor yet illuminated by any visible and reconciling last scene. To the Catholic who reads, I would commend the exercise of his faith, having trust in the event. . . . To the general student let me say: 'These, too, had their sorrows, their heavy task, ere they passed into the unknown. Remember that they were like unto thee, as thou art like unto them. We will look over these chronicles together, and learn from them how divine, how helpless, how much to be pitied and wondered at a thing is human nature.'" This is beautifully said, and Dr. Barry acts up to it loyally. There is no covert proselytism, no suppression of truth, no over-emphasis of detail. Here are the facts, he seems to say: from these facts various men have drawn various conclusions: very well; then let us study them again together.

The book proper begins with a significant event, just touched upon, as a type—the conflict of Henry II. of England and St. Thomas of Canterbury. And then—"The royal supremacy was adjourned for three hundred and sixty years." Thence the author ranges out from England at its acute stage, to Europe generally, where, in this country the encounter had already taken place, in that country was yet to come; and, in the "Great Captivity" of Avignon finds the seeds sown for the great schism of the West. Thence the movement proceeds: there is confusion, not as to the fact of the Spiritual Power, but as to which arm holds it—whether Urban VI. or Clement VII. be the Vicar of Christ; and it is exceedingly significant of the position which the Spiritual Power had already established for itself, that the suggestion that there was no Vicar of Christ at all was never even breathed. But the stage of history to which most modern readers will turn with particular interest is that known as the Reformation; and here Dr. Barry is found almost at his best; he is splendidly frank. "Under what scandalous conditions," he writes, "Leo X. revived the Petrine indulgence, despite his oath to the contrary, and shared its profits with Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, we may learn from historians. In 1517 the German Church was a confederacy of high-born prince prelates, enormously rich, too often dissolute, and at best men of the world who left their spiritual charge to others." But he is fair, too, to the other side. "There was evidence of much piety," he adds, "in the middle and lower classes. . . . There is abundant proof that Scripture was well-known, preached and commented on, long before Wittenberg saw the friar among its professors." And so the battle is set and waged: shrewd blows are exchanged on either side; and when the dust has cleared away, part of Germany and Switzerland, Scandinavia and all England has been lost to Catholic unity. Henceforward the centre of gravity on the spiritual side will swing down once for all into the south, strengthened and reinforced as

Frontispiece illustration from "Sing-song: A Nursery Rhyme Book," by Christina Rossetti. (Macmillan.)
Drawn by Arthur Hughes.

From "Goblin Market," by Christina Rossetti. (Macmillan.)

that was by the "Catholic Revival," under such men as St. Ignatius and his Society of Jesus.

These are, however, but specimens of the sections of history which Dr. Barry sketches so broadly and usefully. He carries the process down to our own days, and leaves us confronted with democracy—such democracy at least as has taken permanent shape in the Constitution of the United States of America. And it is an exceedingly fascinating view which he opens before us—a view on which he makes no partisan comments at all. He is obliged, of course, to cover an enormous tract of ground; and the result is that his style is even more compressed than usual. He writes, as a monastic chronicler illustrates, who has to combine in one picture of an inch square the Passion of Christ, the Eternal Father, the fabric of a soldier's tunic, the Magdalene's sorrow, and an Italian landscape. He writes in an unending succession of short sentences, each containing some pointed and vivid word, yet blending the whole into a real and considered design. It is a little difficult to read; it is even more difficult to remember; yet it is worth reading and re-reading. For it is not often that we meet with an historian who has, besides a real and minute knowledge of facts and a power of generalization and compression, a perfectly definite standpoint of his own from which to view them. There is, at any rate, something to be said for Mr. Belloc's assertion that none but a Catholic can adequately deal with the history of a Continent which, whether for good or evil, has been moulded wholly by Catholic influence and by reactions from it.

## EDMUND GOSSE'S POEMS.

By Austin Dobson.

WRITING some seventy years ago in the *Révue des Deux Mondes*, Sainte-Beuve expressed his opinion that "il existe, en un mot, chez les trois quarts des hommes Un poëte mort jeune à qui l'homme survit"—a piece of pessimism for which he was promptly and properly rebuked by Alfred de Musset, who pointed out that his friend's aphorism belied him, since it was almost a verse as it stood; and, surrendering him to his "offended Muse," contended that:

"en nous il existe souvent
Un poëte endormi toujours jeune et vivant."

We are reminded of this episode by Mr. Gosse's well-planned and well-printed volume of "Collected Poems" (Heinemann. 5s. net). Those who are familiar with his fluent and pellucid prose, who, perhaps, know him chiefly as a sympathetic critic and an accomplished

**Dante Gabriel, Christina, W. M. Rossetti, and their Mother in the garden of Rossetti's house, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.**

From a photograph by "Lewis Carroll" (Rev. C. L. Dodgson) in 1863. (Lent by Mr. W. M. Rossetti.)

essayist, have sometimes allowed themselves to forget—"so vast is art, so narrow human wit"—that he is also a poet of the most rare and delicate sensibility, a born metrist, and a keen lover of nature. And this poet is certainly not *endormi*, still less dead. But, regarding his art as a gift, not lightly to be abused, he has versified only *à ses heures;* and waited until his mind was duly attuned to the notes of that Phrygian flute whose music—as Lucian tells us—is audible only to the adept. His Euterpe is no Muse-of-all-work. He has never condescended to the temptations of the "topical," or set his words to the jingle of the cross-ways. On the contrary, he has always kept his song at a certain elevation, remembering, with the fine *pensée* of Joubert, that "the lyre is a winged instrument."

In a Preface of singular modesty, and touched a little sadly by the retrospect which must inevitably accompany an ingathering extending over a lengthy period, Mr. Gosse defines his position. His view, he says, is of 1872, when his technique was determined. "If I am a poet at all, I belong to the age of the Franco-German War, of the introduction of Japanese art into Europe, of the discoveries of Huxley and Häckel, and of the Oxford lectures of Matthew Arnold." One may smile a little—as, indeed, he himself does—at this "intellectual topography." But what we are here more concerned with is the fact that there was no initial fumbling in the technique he mentions. What is most notable about it is that what it was, it remains. Take, for instance, the final stanza of "The Return of the Swallows," which is one of the earliest pieces:

"And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white, dreamy square;
And the sad slave-woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipped, earthen cup,
Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
'To-morrow the swallows will northward fly.'"

Compare with this the last verses of "The Land of France," which belongs to 1909:

"Sands of Dunkirk are not too cold for me;
Nor dales of Rousillon too full of fire;
Down Tarn and Lot my memory leaps in glee;
Long miles of poplar'd Anjou cannot tire
Feet that to frost-capp'd Dauphiné aspire;
Shouting of waves that on black Penmarch fall—
Slow stream of Aiguës-Mortes—I love them all.
"France, take my hands in those kind hands of thine;
Like a chill swallow to thy fields I fly!
Warmth, beauty, calm and happiness are mine
When o'er me bends that soft and radiant sky,
When in that vivid atmosphere I sigh—
Sigh, for pure gladness, while my pulses dance
A joyful measure to the praise of France."

But while one remarks that, in metrical skill, there are scant signs of alteration, this is no more than to say that no alteration was required, save the increased facility that comes of practice. In respect of form, Mr. Gosse entered the arena fully-armed, and had consequently to add nothing to his panoply. On the other hand, the matter of his work, as the very titles of his books imply ("In Russet and Silver," "An Autumn Garden") has changed with the passing of the years; and as his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, says—in the letter written from Vailima only two days before his death which acknowledges "Tusitala"—takes on an autumnal sobriety as it goes, growing, not indeed less "rich in adornment," but more "natural, personal,

Illustrating "The Lowest Room" in "Poems by Christina Rossetti." (Blackie & Son.)
From a drawing by Florence Harrison.

**Caricatures of W. M. and D. G. Rossetti.**
Drawn by D. G. R. in 1853.
From "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by H. C. Marillier. (G. Bell & Sons.)
By permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

sincere and articulate in substance." This is partly expressed in the poet's own epigraph :

> "Life, that, when youth was hot and bold,
> Leaped up in scarlet and in gold,
> Now walks, by graver hopes possessed,
> In russet and in silver dressed ; "

and finds larger utterance in the impressive verses that close the opening poem :

> "Thank God, that, while the nerves decay
> And muscles dessicate away,
> The brain's the hardiest part of men,
> And thrives till three-score years and ten ;
>
> "That, tho' the crescent flesh be wound
> In soft, unseemly folds around,
> The heart may, all the days we live,
> Grow more alert and sensitive.
>
> "Then, thews and prickly nerves, adieu !
> Thanks for the years I spent with you ;
> Gently and cheerfully we part :
> Now I must live for brain and heart."

Fourteen years later, in "The Autumn Garden," the same thought dominates "A Song for the New Year" :

> "Why, then, my New Year's wish shall be
> For love and love alone ;
> More hands to hold out joy to me,
> More hearts for me to own ;
> And if the gain
> In part be pain,—
> Since time but gives to take again,—
> Yet more than gold a thousandfold
> Is love that's neither bought nor sold."

How should one speak of a volume such as this, the hiving of well-nigh forty years ! To Mr. Gosse's contemporaries—to those who have walked with him through good and evil hap—the way is strewn with memories, thick-coming memories of the Past. Criticism may set aside her considering cap. It is no time for the weighing of values, where all has been valued already. One listens to the bygone voices, renews the old sensations. One reads again the old favourites, "The White-throat," "Wind of Provence," "The Mænad's Grave," "The Charcoal-burner." Here is "Firdausi in Exile," which one recalls as an introduction to "The Epic of Kings" ; here is the spirited "Cruise of the Rover," which belongs to the "Magazine of Art" in Henley's reign, when it was illustrated by Seymour Lucas ; here are the clever Popesque couplets addressed to Oliver Wendell Holmes on his seventy-fifth birthday ; here are a score more which bring back a vanished time. The beautiful early sonnet "On a Lute found in a Sarcophagus," and the dexterous "Alcyone," serve to show how skilful is this craftsman in an exacting form ; the "Memorial Verses," with how light a hand, and yet how sure a touch, he can paint the people he has known and loved. The "R.B." of this will be easily recognised :

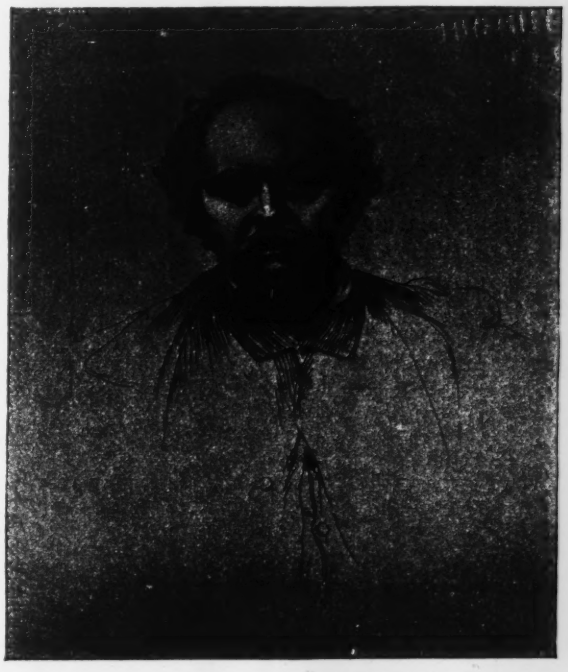
> "His soul went singing like a mountaineer
> Who climbs the hills, and carols as he climbs ;
> Above the snow he heard the fairy chimes
> Of God's faint bells, and felt no shade of fear.
>
> "He leaped in faith from year to glimmering year ;
> Nothing to him seemed poor or vile or vain,
> Since all the fibres of his heart and brain
> Were braced by hope's high Alpine atmosphere.

**D. G. Rossetti.**
From the medallion by John Hancock (engraved by Jonnard).

"I have known no goodlier spirit! Where he walked,
Love masqueraded in rough skins and claws,
Feigning to be some monster of the woods;

"Loud was the voice wherewith he rhymed and talked,
But warmer heart, or moved in kindlier cause,
Was never stirred by man's vicissitudes."

One of the most interesting of these "Memorial Verses" is a *ballado* on the death of that "Prince-jeweller" of rhyme, Théodore de Banville, which serves further to bring to mind Mr. Gosse's connection with the revival, *circa* 1875–85, of the old French forms of Villon and Clement Marot and Charles of Orleans. We say "revival," to be accurate, because some of them had been written by Chaucer; and they had also been essayed fitfully and timidly by Surrey and Patrick Carey, and even by writers of the eighteenth century. And when, at last, they were marshalled in force, they had long been, so to speak, in the air. Swinburne was thinking of them in the "Ballad of Burdens"; and the stanza of his admirable "Match" is a modification of the Dante *triolet*. Rossetti paraphrased Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies" in a way that, had he played the game as he did in Villon's "Rondel to Death," would have made all later versions needless. Mr. Gosse himself, in his "On Viol and Flute," of 1873, wrote early *rondels*, which, he would admit, were *rondels* only in name. But not until later do people seem to have become aware, through Banville's "Odes Funambulesques" and his "Petit Traité de Poésie Française," that there were fixed rules for all these forms—rules as definite and inexorable as those for the Petrarchan sonnet. An article by Mr. Gosse in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1877, first called attention to what was then being done; and he was fortunate enough to illustrate his "Plea for certain Exotic Forms of Verse" by an excellent and unexcelled "Chant Royal," one of the most intricate of the exercises which "the bigots of that iron time" regarded as a futile dancing in fetters. As though there are no fetters in the sonnet of Milton and Wordsworth! There are examples of most of the French forms in the "Collected Poems" (especially a "Ballade of Dead Cities"), which may serve as models to the student. It is a far cry to 1877, but the imported measures are still being written as assiduously as ever, both in England and America; and it is encouraging to those who, like Mr. Gosse, first attempted them seriously in English, to note, that, in most cases, they are being written by versifiers who, still blissfully ignorant of Banville and the "Petit Traité"—to say nothing of Marot and François Villon—follow sedulously in the footsteps of the makers of the 'Seventies.



**Dante Gabriel Rossetti.**

From a French Etching.

**The Rossetti Family Tomb at Highgate Cemetery.**

# THE FOUR WINDS OF THE SPIRIT.*

By Dr. William Barry.

I borrow from Victor Hugo the title by which he renders into French that which we call "the breath of poetry." To make us feel that breath, blowing from known and unknown heights upon our dusty world, is the amiable yet not easy task set himself by the author of these contributions to *The Times' Literary Supplement. The Times!* How solidly British, with all the appurtenances of the breakfast table, does not the word sound! It is matter-of-fact, hard, and work-aday, severely dogmatic and established; or, as they say in French, *tout le poncif*—the average man's average balance at the banker's. Can we imagine poetry in *The Times?* I believe Mr. Rudyard Kipling has uttered in its columns now and again his lyrical cry; but even so the question is not quite answered. Prose, weighty, Gibbonian, touched with academic self-control, that is what we look for when the great journal speaks; but poetry—alas! poor stranger, what welcome shall it find on the Stock Exchange, or in those illustrated advertisements of patent foods to which, at its critical age, *The Times* has yielded hospitable room? Do the Nine Muses subscribe on cheapened terms for a daily copy posted to Parnassus? The Muse of History, perhaps? Or of Comedy? I must leave these curious problems.

All the more am I delighted when a bunch of spring flowers wet with dew is brought me from Printing House Square—English blooms not wholly innocent of a subtle French perfume, or even like French roses marked by their decisive yet graceful contours. Such, I would say, is the quality (a rare one) that gives to Mr. Bailey's volume of essays point and distinction. Let us do French critics the justice they deserve. Always they write of poets and poetry with respectful enthusiasm. They hold that education should soar up as on wings to the *templa serena* of the mighty singers. They believe that poetry is more than politics; and when a young Frenchman wanders round Oxford he feels astonished that undergraduates discuss football and cricket scores instead of doing what Parisian sophomores do, and building *cénacles* to their favourite authors. You would never, in Paris, hear a brilliant woman of the world exclaim, "I hate poetry"—a sentence which I have heard even from an actress's lips. Victor Hugo during his last years was king, not only of French literature, but of society, looked upon as a sovereign by Divine right, before whom the mere politician, though he were named Gambetta, bent his knee. When did London, when did England, acclaim a poet on these terms? Dead, he may lie in Westminster Abbey; but living, if he wins the Laureate's wreath or a peerage he has done supremely well. The English gospel is neither Wordsworth nor Shakespeare, but *The Times*.

Honour, then, to a bold, sincerely reverent spirit whom this atmosphere cannot overcome, a lover of the poets, open to their charm, persuaded in a day like ours "of thunder and eclipse" that poetry is the breath of life, something transcendent and magical, which we must on no account forgo. Here is one who will study and make his own the whole compass of the lyre, willing to range from Æschylus to Swinburne, Fitz-Gerald, Meredith; and, as another fine volume proves, victorious over the purblind English superstition that roundly tells the ignorant there is no poetry in French. If a reader can take these broad views, full of admiration for the wild unearthly music of "Prometheus Unbound," yet appraising Dryden's "All for Love" as a thing of "immortal passion," he has (who can doubt it?) learned from the schools of Paris what criticism should be, adding their sober judgment to the deep sense of mystery and ecstasy that the bards of England have somehow caught from its silence and its speaking action. But another conclusion begins to show from this tempered mood, at once large and impartial, which it is worth while to indicate.

New beginnings are commonly reactions, for they do not spring out of "chaos and old night." In the long series—let us frame our meaning thus—of Professor Saintsbury's travels through literature, we find him always coming up to "the triumph of Romanticism." On the last field of battle the classical squadron dies or surrenders. But when we turn to Professor Raleigh or to these pages of Mr. Bailey, there is a change. It might seem as if the dead were to live again. Of that resurrection the token, highly characteristic, in England is a return to Johnson "without Boswell," to Johnson the writer as distinct from Johnson the speaker. What is the sign in France? Looking broadly at the hundred years just over, we may call them the years of Rousseau. From Chateaubriand to Flaubert, from George Sand to Paul Bourget, one spirit moves in them all. It is the passion of Jean Jacques, accepted or resisted, but ever triumphant. How shall the new age revolt from the revolution? By going back beyond it. And who stands beyond it, sardonically smiling, crystal-clear in his speech, the absolute man of the world, most French of Frenchmen, as Johnson is most English of Englishmen? You have already named him—Voltaire. To Voltaire, then, the true Parisian is retracing his steps, after exotic adventures into which he was betrayed by the Swiss philosopher, by Chateaubriand the Breton, George Sand the half-German, Hugo the Spanish hidalgo, none of them pure Gauls of the centre. On this side, where the Romantic movement is at home, we shall never exchange our Elizabethans for Pope and Dryden; but the eighteenth century is no longer flouted, and the Augustan Age has recovered something of the admiration it once too confidently claimed. Professor Raleigh compels his readers to own the greatness of Johnson. Mr. Bailey has edited Cowper's Poems, in which the air of the century blows, however soothingly, against us. The Germanism of Carlyle, his affinities with Jean Paul Richter, his violence and his fantastic imagery, led the late Bishop Creighton to ask whether he would share Richter's fate and sink below the horizon. These are "signs of the times," not to be overlooked by the discerning.

Must we now fix on a volume, so pleasantly written, so thoughtful, earnest, and stimulating, the fatal French

* "Poets and Poetry." By John Bailey. 5s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

**The Memorial to Christina Rossetti in Christ Church, Woburn Square.**
The last work of Burne-Jones.

epithet, *juste milieu?* I would not say so. One could wish, indeed, that writers who are evidently Christians had a little less reserve in expressing the principles which their best judgments imply. It is really the fact that a man's opinions about literature cannot remain apart, as if his religious beliefs did in no degree colour them. The creed in its heights and depths is far from being a centre of indifference, a compromise, or a dilettantism. And of all human utterances, poetry, since it is the most profoundly alive, is also the most sincere. Even sincere scepticism, as in that Omar Khayyam of which our book has excellent things to say, is by its melancholy, its defiance of a Power denied yet haunting the soul, poetical in its negations. I think the day is coming when this frank admission of our attitude towards the first and last questions will throw a flood of light on the art of criticism, lifting it from a mere matter of your taste and mine to the neighbourhood of science, and thereby proving that, however poets may seem to write for pleasure, they sing in unison with divine harmonies.

## THE MOTHER OF THE AUTHOR OF "CRANFORD."

BY MRS. ELLIS H. CHADWICK.

THE mothers of the great writers are always interesting. It has often been deplored that we do not know more of the mother of Charlotte Brontë, but scant as our knowledge of her is, still less is known of the mother of her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, and that little as recorded is not correct. It has always been affirmed by members of her family that Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, to give Mrs. Gaskell her full maiden name, lost her mother in 1810 when she was a baby of a few weeks old and when her parents were living at No. 1, Belle Vue, which was part of old Lindsey Row, Chelsea; but this is not so. Mrs. Stevenson died in October, 1811, at 3, Beaufort Row, which is now known as Beaufort Street, in one of the houses which has since been demolished.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was a little more than a year old when her mother died, and by the time the father could make arrangements for his little daughter to be taken to Mrs. Lumb, his wife's sister, who lived in a tall red brick house on the heath-side at Knutsford, the baby was about thirteen months old. This is confirmed by a letter to Mary Howitt written by Mrs. Gaskell herself in May, 1838, where she says: "I was early motherless and taken when only a year old to my dear *adopted* native town Knutsford."

*Photo by Warwick Brooks.* **Mrs. Lumb,**
of Knutsford, the Aunt with whom Mrs. Gaskell lived until her marriage.
(From an oil painting.)

It is strange that Mrs. Gaskell's own relatives should have thought that Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was only a few weeks old when taken to Knutsford, for there is not the slightest doubt about the letter to Mary Howitt being in Mrs. Gaskell's own handwriting. Mrs. Gaskell was certainly born on September 29th, 1810, at a house in old Lindsey Row, which from the Chelsea rate books and the title-deeds of the house I proved in September, 1909, to be the present 93, Cheyne Walk, for I have handled the actual faded bit of paper on which the birth certificate was written in 1810, which was deposited in Dr. William's Library, to be afterwards transferred to Somerset House.

According to the Chelsea rate book for the June quarter of 1811, William Stevenson removed with his family to 3, Beaufort Row, and there his wife died in the October of that year. Eighteen years afterwards, Mr. Stevenson was buried from that same house. The reason why forty-six years have been allowed to elapse before this information could be absolutely verified—Mrs. Gaskell having died in 1865—must be attributed to the statement of the family on the subject as recorded in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as well as in Dr. Ward's biographical introduction to the Knutsford Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works, and to the incorrect spelling of the name Stevenson in the Chelsea Church Register.

The parish clerks of bygone days have much to answer for, and they have often sorely tried the patience of those who have had to follow them in the research which is necessary for gaining authentic information concerning those who can claim a place in that great Valhalla the "Dictionary of National Biography."

We are now quite familiar with O'Prunty becoming Branty, Bronte and finally Brontë, though the parish clerk cannot take all the blame or credit of this interesting alteration; but in the case of William Stevenson, it was certainly the fault of the clerk, for when residing in Chelsea Mrs. Gaskell's father always spelt his name Stevenson, though it is said that his ancestors spelt it Stevensen, which Mrs. Gaskell said betrayed her Scandinavian origin. In the old Chelsea rate books the name appears in 1810 as Stephens, and later as Stephenson, and finally Stevenson, and in the Chelsea directory for 1812 it is written Stephenson, though Mr. Stevenson is correctly described as the Keeper of the Records at the Treasury Office.

In the Burial Register of the old parish church of Chelsea is an entry which evidently refers to the interment of Mrs. Stevenson, dated October 30th, 1811, though the name appears as "Elizabeth Stevens age 40." Mrs. Stevenson was buried in the King's Road Burial Ground, Chelsea, which was used as an extension of the Old Chelsea Parish graveyard, until December, 1812.

The celebration of the centenaries of distinguished people has its uses, if only to set in motion careful research connected with the person to be honoured. Recently, in looking through some correspondence which belonged to her mother, one of Mrs. Gaskell's daughters has found a contemporary letter which suggests that her maternal grandmother died about November, 1811, but having searched every register of burials in and around Chelsea, I have not been able to find any record except the entry for October 30th, 1811. As a further proof that this refers to the novelist's mother, it may be mentioned that Mr. Stevenson was buried in the King's Road Burial Ground on March 27th, 1829, therefore he must have owned a grave there previous to 1812, after

*Copyright.* **Corner of Old Lindsey Row, Chelsea.**
Showing house on the left in which Mrs. Gaskell was born, and on the right where she lived when her mother died in 1811, and her father in 1829.

which no new graves were sold in that burial place. This would point to the fact that he bought a grave there when his wife died in 1811. This old graveyard is now used as a recreation ground by the inmates of the Chelsea workhouse.

In order to verify the age of Mrs. Stevenson, I have searched the registers of baptisms from the old Unitarian Chapel at Knutsford, but this does not give any assistance, for a footnote in one of the registers states: "The register of Knutsford Chapel previous to 1791 is lost; it is supposed to have been taken away among the books of Mr. Lord, a former minister, and has never been found."

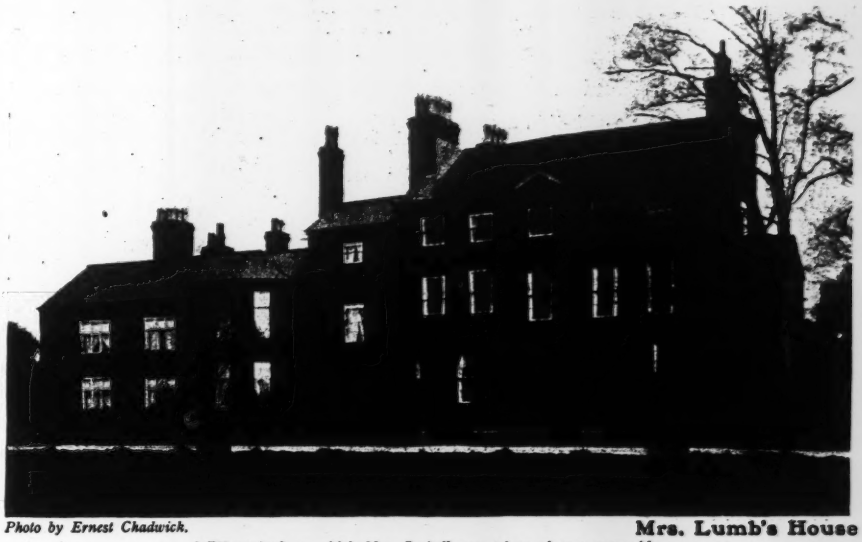


*Photo by Ernest Chadwick.* **Mrs. Lumb's House in Knutsford, to which Mrs. Gaskell was taken when a year old.**

I have, however, been able to consult a book entitled "The History of the Family of Holland of Mobberley and Knutsford," privately printed in 1902, which refers to "Elizabeth Holland who married the Rev. William Stevenson" as the fourth daughter of Samuel Holland of Sandle Bridge, Cheshire.

Copying the dates of birth of Samuel Holland's daughters from the grave-stones in the Knutsford Unitarian burial ground, I find Anne, the eldest, was born in 1766; Hannah (Mrs. Lumb) in 1768; Mary, mentioned as the third daughter, in 1770; Catherine, 1772; and the youngest, Abigail, 1773. There is no mention of Elizabeth, as she was buried in Chelsea, and as the fourth daughter, she must have been born in 1771, which would prove that she was forty in 1811.

Now that we know that Mrs. Gaskell was a baby a year old when her mother died, and not a month old, as every previous writer has felt compelled to believe, it is easier to grasp the fact, so often stated, that the stage coach journey of little Elizabeth Stevenson with Mrs. Whittington, a friend of the Hollands, from Chelsea to Knutsford, suggested the account in "Mary Barton" of "babby's journey" from London to Manchester with the two grandfathers, for certainly the treatment of the "babby" is much more suited to a child of a year than to one a few weeks old as the story represents, for so young a baby could not have needed "pobbies," nor would a crust of bread have been of any use. It is just possible, in the absence of confirmation of the actual age, that the story is responsible for the statement that the baby Stevenson was only a few weeks old when her mother died, and that in weaving the account of her own early travels into the story, Mrs. Gaskell altered the age of the child.

All other writers have given the wrong date of Mr. Stevenson's death, March 22nd, 1829, as recorded in the Chelsea Parish Church Register, so that the celebration of Mrs. Gaskell's centenary has led to research in many directions, and has produced authentic information which otherwise might never have been brought to light.

If Elizabeth Stevenson's mother had not died when her famous daughter was a baby, it is questionable if we ever should have had "Cranford," for it was the early years of Mrs. Gaskell's residence in Knutsford that impressed her with scenes which she depicted with such charm and pathos in that prose idyll and also in all her stories of Knutsford life.

Some of the chats with "Miss Matty" are founded on fact, and it is interesting to know that the beautiful Aunt Hannah—Mrs. Lumb—who became a second mother to Elizabeth Stevenson, was noted for her "elegant economy" and, like Miss Matty Jenkyns, was chary of candles. When alone on winter evenings she would sit knitting by the firelight, but immediately she heard her niece's footsteps coming along the path, she would take up her paper spill and light a candle "to make it more cheerful like." If, however, company arrived, a second candle was lighted, for by carefully relighting each candle in turn she had been able to keep both about the same height, as the author of "Cranford" relates in her chapter on "old letters." "Cranford" is with the immortals, and as long as the book lives Mrs. Gaskell's name will be held in grateful remembrance, for the story of the society in that little country town is redolent of the humorous as well as the pathetic side of the old-world village life of the early Victorian period, when Sedan chairs, pattens, and gigot sleeves were *de rigueur*, things which the present generation needs a footnote to explain the meaning of.

# New Books.

## HANNAH MORE.*

There has been such an ebb-tide flowing away from the eighteenth century writers, especially since 1900, that it is agreeable to encounter a new biographical study: Nothing in the shape of the Higher Criticism of Hannah More, but a frank acceptance of her as one of the Sibyls! Miss Meakin enjoys thoroughly the discussion and defence of Hannah and ends by communicating to the reader a certain amount of her own enjoyment. It matters a good deal, it seems, that such a heroine was born, not at Stapleton, as the books say, but at Fishponds which is a hamlet of Stapleton. Again, as Miss Meakin recounts with glee, Hannah's cottage of Cowslip Green was not in the parish of Blagdon, but in the adjoining parish of Wrington. She was *not* indifferent to natural scenery. She did *not* cultivate the friendship of a slave owner. Her strict observance of Sunday was a Puritan, and *not* a Calvinistic trait. We cannot afford to ignore Hannah More. So Miss Meakin says, and she knows so much about the subject that it would be presumptuous indeed for us to contradict her.

One cannot help being astonished at the number of ladies who enjoyed a reputation for learning and literary distinction during the seventies of that century. Besides Hannah who represented the "Nine" (Garrick's nickname for his young favourite) and the "Queen of the Blues" (Mrs. Montagu), we hear much of Miss Carter who knew Greek better than Johnson, Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson's favourite "little toad," Fanny Burney. With the exception of the last, they can hardly be said to have left "a wrack behind." Miss Meakin takes them very seriously. Mrs. Montagu, she tells, got her knife into Voltaire more than once, and the detractor of our immortal bard writhed in anguish under her witty retorts. The author says complacently: "One cannot but be struck in studying the lives of our eighteenth century writers, with the fact that they all emerged more or less from one and the same little group of intellectually disposed families, or if they did not emerge from them, they were drawn into their circle. London, so much smaller then than now, had its literary centre, its intellectual soil, and its intellectual atmosphere, just as some continental cities have to-day a musical soil, and a musical atmosphere. No wonder that some good plants were produced."

Miss Meakin seems at times to take a rather optimistic view of this blue stocking reserve. Most of the great century figures were passing, and the mutual admiration society who had met under Mrs. Montagu's umbrella can hardly be said to have fitted the vacant places. One imagines them platitudinising in the Miss Seward vein upon the value of correct views until one would be fain to shriek aloud "*Allons faisons des solécismes!*" The lively Hannah got more didactic and more square-toed in this censorious atmosphere. Where are the productions of this society to-day? Who now reads "Percy," which in its day earned as much for Hannah as did "She Stoops" for Goldsmith? Who has heard of "Sir Eldred of the Bower," a poem for which the writer, as Cadell expressly stipulated, was to get the same amount as Goldsmith obtained for "The Deserted Village?" Hannah pleased the great ones of her time by her liveliness, sincerity and buoyancy. She pleased Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, and Burke by her quick schoolgirl memory and ready sensibility. Rather a pretty "methodee" she was, too, and one who impressed the old with a sense of appreciation combined with sufficient wit and purpose to make a good transmitter from one generation to another. This, the good Hannah, who lived to be one of the few subjects of George IV., to retain a lively recollection of the glories of the reign of George II., was to be in a most complete and emphatic manner.

* "Hannah More: A Biographical Study." By Annette M. B. Meakin. With portraits. 14s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

But we certainly do not read the excellent Hannah now—even those of us who still cherish a fondness for Maria Edgeworth and Harriet Martineau. Her books are with difficulty accessible. Enormous as the sale must have once been, it is now perfectly quiescent. One seldom sees her books on the stalls—or even in the barrows. We read about her now, as the subject of biographies, such as those of Roberts, Miss Yonge, or now Miss Meakin, which afford us a succession of pictures of the London and the Bath of other days—when Wimbledon Park was seven miles from town, and as "unLondonish as if it were a hundred"; when gentlemen of the Museum came to fetch away Garrick's legacy of old plays, which Charles Lamb was subsequently to explore; when Hannah disputed with Lord Monboddo as to the rights and wrongs of slavery; when Johnson praised her "Bas Bleu" as a great performance, took her hand at dinner, called her his child, and said that it was as dangerous to talk poetry before her, as to discuss the art of war before Hannibal. "He continued his jokes and lamented that I had not married Chatterton, so that posterity might have seen a propagation of poets." It is amusing still to read of Hannah's disillusionment with her dairywoman poet, of her correspondence with Horace Walpole, and her guarded criticisms of Gibbon. As she grew older she grew more didactic. The approbation of bishops became as food and drink to her. She communicated to rich and poor alike, the way in which well-to-do middle class evangelicals would have them behave. In this frame she wrote on "Manners of the Great," "The Religion of the Fashionable," "Female Education," and "Village Politics"—common sense tracts for the times. In the main they were, it would seem, a kind of mixture of Benjamin Franklin and John Bull, Lady Grove and Father Bernard Vaughan. Sunday observance appears to have been the keystone of her extremely drab, disagreeable and utilitarian gospel. That she meant well to all alike is illustrated by the fact that this reporter of village conversation took the responsibility of addressing a book of advice to the greatest lady in the land, the Princess Charlotte. This indomitable spinster ends up by advising every man how to select a wife. Sydney Smith incurs the severe reprobation of the authoress for having ventured to laugh at the excellent Hannah's pretensions. Personally, I think the young Cœlebs would be better advised in asking the well-nourished Sydney, than in accepting the edifying but dogmatic proposals of such an incorrigible old maid as Hannah, at the age of sixty-four. "Cœlebs" is undoubtedly a successor of Grandison, that Prince of Prigs.

The good Hannah was evidently a sound philanthropist in the field of action, so far as her extremely limited vision permitted; but as to whether she was an exponent of the highest Christian philosophy in inculcating upon the poor the virtues of contentment, frugality, total abstinence, humility, reverence for clergy and constitution, hatred of the French, and trust in God and the Gentry, we must leave it to our individual readers to determine.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

## "YORICK'S" HEAD AND HEART.*

"Laugh I will, my lord, and as loud as I can," said Sterne to Bishop Warburton. He laughs in his letters on the slightest provocation. The laughter is sometimes healthy and natural, it is sometimes strained and insincere, sometimes rather crude and empty, but seldom ill-natured. The laughing Sterne, when he is not coarse, is, on the whole, a likeable personality; but all except shallow or easily satisfied or exceptionally patient natures would grow tired of a long course of him. He is well as an acquaintance; he would become rather intolerable

* "The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne." By Lewis Melville. In 2 vols., with 26 illustrations. 28s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

**Laurence Sterne.**

From a painting by Ramsay, at Jesus College, Cambridge.
From "Life and Letters of Sterne," by Lewis Melville. (Stanley Paul.)

as a companion. The laughing Sterne is often a mere actor, and frequently, in really humorous moments, he cannot quite forget the actor's tricks. He was called "Cervantic" by himself and others; he deserved it less often than he or they imagined. At his best, a humorist, at his worst, an indecent "entertainer," the comic spirit in the great sense was not his; he had not sufficient insight and imagination. His soul, so to say, too often put on evening dress and remained as local as a dinner-table.

In his letters he also weeps, and weeps copiously. The tears are for the most part the tears of a ready and experienced performer. The performance conduces to tedium on occasion. It is not life, or the semblance of life, so much as a bit of sentimental eighteenth century drama. Yet it does not seem altogether artificial, as the performer for the time had got into the habit of believing in it. Sometimes when it appears to be human and unrestrained it is only the outer and casual man that laments and weeps; the deeper Laurence Sterne is not affected, and does not manifest himself. Indeed, for various reasons, very seldom in his correspondence, and not often in his books, did he sound his deepest, his whole, self. He realised a varied, in its way arresting and often piquant, personality for literary and epistolary use; in the way of sentiment and humour he often cultivated it sedulously enough, though at times he was content to be plodding or superficial; but the deep soil and strata of Individuality, in the true sense, he did not till or even consider.

In his assumption that "Yorick" was never really in love, despite his numerous "love-affairs," Mr. Melville is on fairly safe ground. It is another way of suggesting that he never really sounded the deeps of his nature. His letters and confidences do not show at any stage an individual lover for whom the world has been re-created, or whose own nature has been in any wise sanctified; they are rather those of an amatory animal with an eager desire for companionship, spiced with a certain psychic intoxication. At times both the letters and the journal to "Eliza" (Mrs. Draper) betray a fair approach to conviction and sincerity; they even rise to a colourable imitation of intensity, with a curious dash of mild, unconscious blasphemy. But even here "Yorick" protests too much and too theatrically, and the affected naïveté with which he opens his heart to all and sundry, servant, peer, bishop, and so on, is too utterly utter. And, during a break in the composition of the tear-besprinkled "Journal," we find him writing to another lady, "racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together . . . it could not be the lady in Bond Street, or Grosvenor Street, or —— Square, or Pall Mall—we shall make it out, H., when we meet—I impatiently long for it." Temperament, not soul, made him a lover, as accident or necessity rather than a "call" made him a clergyman.

Mr. Melville is elaborate and apologetic in his work. He tells his story in a leisurely and straightforward way, clearing up sundry misconceptions, but giving us rather too generously of the casual detail which so many modern biographers imagine to be conducive to reality and comprehensiveness. Not only family froubles but domestic expenses and travelling arrangements, and other things still more incidental, are paraded with affectionate liberality. The work has been dutifully, but too industriously, done. The volumes are of the useful kind which after the first perusal will be kept for reference, and apart from their elaborate information they have enough of the moods, confessions and capers of "Yorick" to keep them distinctive and alive.

W. P. RYAN.

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## BERGSON AND ABOUT BERGSON.*

In lucidity and in the wealth and brilliance of the everyday examples with which his thought is illustrated, Professor Bergson stands almost alone among philosophers. He is difficult to read in the sense that he requires a very close attention; easy to read in the sense that nearly always his meaning is quite clear. In order to understand him, a knowledge of philosophical terms is less essential than a working acquaintance with scientific nomenclature; for he includes science within the scope of his philosophy, and although metaphysics can be expressed in comparatively non-technical language by a philosopher of Bergson's literary genius, it is impossible to deal with science except in its own technical language—at all events, without appalling loans from the circumlocution office. Bergson cuts the ground from under the feet of those who would try to explain him. It is hardly possible to write so plainly as he does himself.

It is no blame to Mr. Lindsay that he has had to labour under that disadvantage. Those who take up "The Philosophy of Bergson" in the hope of finding, in one volume, a short cut to Bergson's philosophy, will be disappointed. There is no such short cut in Bergson's own writings, systematic and summarized though they are; it is almost useless, for instance, to read "Creative Evolution," his most celebrated work, unless one has first studied his theory of pure duration in "Time and Free Will," and his theory of perception in "Matter and Memory." To the question, so often heard of late: "What can I read of Bergson's, just to get the hang of him?" there can be only one answer: "Read him all." Mr. Lindsay will not do as a substitute. He is more difficult than Bergson himself.

What he has tried to do is to indicate the place of Bergson's philosophy in the main stream of philosophic thought, to reduce it to more technical terms, and to show its bearing on the problems with which modern philosophers are more immediately occupied. In other words, he has attempted to range Bergson. Also, he says, "I have ventured to

* "The Philosophy of Bergson." By A. D. Lindsay. 5s. net. (Dent.)
"Laughter: an Essay on the Meaning of the Comic." By Henri Bergson. Authorised translation by Cloudesley Brereton and Fred Rothwell. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

criticize the details of Monsieur Bergson's arguments when they seemed to me to obscure what I take to be the main results of his thinking." In those respects he has done a very careful and a useful piece of work—spade-work none the less. Precisely because Bergson's writings are "so fresh and original," they cannot be ranged, cannot be reduced to current technical terms, without the best of their freshness, their suggestiveness and their imaginative flight proving too elusive for the process. Mr. Lindsay has swallowed the camel right enough, but the gnat has flown away. Though there are, of course, plenty of debatable passages in his interpretation, I have only come across one statement which one actually falls foul of :—

"In all intelligent thinking, the past is continually used in guiding our selection among present movements, and present perception in its turn is used but as a symbol of the past. All our memories are '*there*' to be used, but not jumbled together in a kind of lucky-bag, in which we plunge at random, but connected together by laws."

Surely it is time for philosophers to give up speaking of *laws* as if they were directing intelligences or a kind of universal policemen. Scientists, even, invoke their so-called *laws* with less assurance. "Connected together by laws" sounds, no doubt, very explanatory, but it can only mean, "Connected together because somehow or other they appear to be connected together."

One fault, however, does not spoil a book. Mr. Lindsay's volume is, as I have hinted, not introductory to Bergson's philosophy, but supplementary to it, and as such it should prove a help not only to the amateur, desirous of studying Bergson from another vantage point, but also to those more academic students of philosophy who find themselves somewhat outraged by Bergson's unconventionality and his popularity.

"Laughter : an Essay on the Meaning of the Comic" was first published in a series of three articles in the *Revue de Paris*. For that reason, no doubt, it is written with an even greater simplicity and avoidance of technical terms than Bergson's other works. And for the same reason, no doubt, it does not strike one as so thorough or exhaustive. It furnishes an explanation, and a good one, of the comic, but not of laughter as a whole.

Life, in Bergson's view, is a continual flux, a continual becoming. It is plastic, adaptive, self-conscious, and continually creating itself without repetition—to such an extent, indeed, that psychologically speaking the law of cause and effect no longer represents facts, inasmuch as where the same combination of causes is never repeated, it cannot be said that certain effects follow certain causes. The comic, on the other hand, has its origin in a lack of plasticity, in a lapse from full consciousness and complete adaptation to environment ; in repetition, in habit, in automatism, in rigidity. It is "something mechanical encrusted upon the living." It is "some rigidity or other applied to the mobility of life, in an awkward attempt to follow its lines and counterfeit its suppleness." When, to take a crude example, a man walks into a lamp-post, he is comic because, instead of seeing the post and adapting himself to its presence, he walks mechanically into it. He is laughed at, and that laughter, according to Bergson's view, is the human or social gesture which reproves him for his lapse by humiliating him. Comedy is concerned with subtler lapses, transferred to the region of character. Society demands a plasticity and an adaptation of the individual to the whole which the comic personage lacks or refuses to give ; and society reproves him with ridicule and laughter. The more developed the society, the greater the plasticity demanded from each member of it ; hence the observable fact that comedy, as opposed to horse-play, requires a considerable degree of civilization.

That, needless to say, is an exceedingly bald summary of a theory which Bergson works out in a manner which is fascinating, if not invariably convincing, anyhow at first sight :

"Laughter is, above all, a corrective. Being intended to humiliate, it must make a painful impression on the person against whom it is directed. By laughter, society avenges itself for the liberties taken with it. It would fail in its object if it bore the stamp of sympathy or kindness."

But although Bergson's explanation of the comic, and of the particular laughter which greets it, may be sufficient, it does not seem so certain that he has explained all the sorts of laughter. Is it always a corrective gesture ? Is it not frequently a gesture of exuberance, a sign not of reproof, but of abundance of life ? What of the laughter which greets a well-timed obscenity ? (Whether it ought to, or not, is a question for moralists. Sufficient for the philosopher that it does.) Is it not rather an encouragement ? Has it not something to do with the fact that obscenity reminds us of existent and necessary life-forces which society tries to keep decently covered up ? What of merriment, when one laughs not *at* somebody, but out of sympathy and satisfaction ?

Those are questions which may find their answer in Bergson's theory, or may not, and there are many more one would like to ask. In any case, the book is full of good sayings well translated. (Bergson has had uniform good fortune in his English translations.) Sentence after sentence possesses an epigrammatic neatness and force. Hereunder are a few, taking at random, beginning with a definition of art from the splendid passage on it :

"So art, whether it be painting or sculpture, poetry or music, has no other object than to brush aside the utilitarian symbols, the conventional and socially accepted generalities, in short, everything that veils reality from us, in order to bring us face to face with reality itself.

"Laughter appears to stand in need of an echo."

"However spontaneous it seems, laughter always implies a kind of secret freemasonry, or even complicity, with other laughers, real or imaginary."

"In every wit there is something of a poet—just as in every good reader there is the making of an actor."

"For it is a remarkable fact that the more questionable an art, science or occupation is, the more those who practise it are inclined to regard themselves as invested with a kind of priesthood, and to claim that all should bow before its mysteries. Useful professions are clearly meant for the public, but those whose utility is more dubious can only justify their existence by assuming that the public is meant for them : now this is just the illusion that lies at the root of solemnity."

Wherefore, I think, without undue solemnity, I had better shut up, and cease for the moment to exercise the very dubious profession of critic.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

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## A NAVVY'S SCRAPBOOK.*

The author's position and the conditions under which this book has been produced are almost unique. "Gleanings" was first issued in December, 1910 ; it has already gone through various editions, and five thousand copies of it have been printed. It is the work of a daily labourer only just out of his teens. Mr. Patrick MacGill, the eldest of ten children, is the son of a Donegal crofter, and when only twelve years old had to turn out into the world and work for his living. The worst of his cruel experiences was, probably, the occasional impossibility of getting employment, and in "Have You ?" he furnishes glimpses of its consequent troubles :

"Have you tramped about in winter when your boots were minus soles ?
Have you wandered deuced unhappy with your pockets full of holes ?
Have you wondered which was better when your capital was light,
A plate of fish and taters, or a hammock for the night ?
Have you ever smelt the odour of some swell refreshment shop,
And would exchange your very soul for just one single chop ?
When every one was happy as the week drew near an end,
Have you wandered through the city without a cent to spend ?
Through some wealthy person's window have you seen the fire glow,
While shiv'ring 'neath a ragged hedge you sheltered from the snow ?"

What induced this youth to forego the ordinary amusements of the working man during his hours of relaxation, and seek his pleasure in literature, may only be guessed at ;

* "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook." By P. MacGill, 6d. (P. MacGill, 8, Jamaica Street, Greenock.)

but, as with Chatterton, pride was probably the motive power. At any rate he has contrived to educate himself up to a high mental standard, and make a fair bid for fame. He tells that some of these "Gleanings" were written in a dark corner of a navvies' hut full of "men shaggy as bears, dressed in moleskin and leather, reeking of beer and tobacco," the while he was scribbling down his fleeting fancies in a grimy notebook, hearing "on one side a trio of experts discuss the Johnson-Jeffries match, and on the other side a dozen gamblers argue and curse over a game of banker." Notwithstanding such surroundings, this young Irishman has overcome the defects of his irregular education and, if his lines "My Bookcase," are to be accepted literally, he has become familiar with the works of a large number of the world's mastermen.

As poetry and politics cannot abide together, it is gratifying to find Mr. MacGill asserting he has "left politics severely alone," although it is seen that he cannot refrain from trenching upon topics of the day. In his "Introduction," he says: "I spoke to a man once, asking him what he thought of going back to the land and having small holdings. 'Very good,' he said, 'in fact, the solution of all ills.' Afterwards I learned he was a gravedigger!" It will be surmised from this and from similar "asides," that Mr. MacGill possesses humour of a sarcastic tendency. He indulges this feeling in his revised versions of La Fontaine's fables, but their modernised morals are scarcely worthy of his powers. He should not waste his time in translations; he should forsake his ideal loves—his Irenes and his Isas—put his "Locks of Hair" in the fire, and fling his invocations "To B——" to the winds. He can do better things. Such pieces as "He rose a Man," "No More," "Was it all in vain?" and "To Erin," in their various ways are far more valuable. They deal with real humanity; they strike a higher note, and display more maturity of taste. Some poems in this collection, whilst quite different from what their author's antecedents would have led us to expect, although good in their way are too strongly infused with the spirit of other men's writings: they are not sufficiently original in tone to proclaim the advent of a new poet. "The Dream" is an example. An extract will show that it has plenty of vigour:

"I've sat at their tables, and drank their wine and played with skill my part,
My tastes and my ways and my loves seemed theirs, but they never guessed my heart,
For often at night when the feast was done, and the flickering fire grew low,
Would memory muster the years away and the joys of the long ago,
And bring them into my aching mind, as sleep with its wand of power
Changed in a flash the feast-hall dim, to scenes of a fairer hour,
When far from the gloss of the tissue art, and pleasure upreared on pain,
My soul on dreams was borne away to live in the past again."

The most imaginative poem in the book is "The Isle in the Mystic Sea." It is replete with Celtic suggestiveness, but would be better without the final stanza: a poem needs no explanatory moral tagged on to it. If the author of these "Gleanings" is to make any permanent impression on the age, he must shake off the influence of his favourite poets and sing as his feelings, and not his readings, prompt him. He must seek his themes not in the pages of books, but in the infinite originality of nature, and he may then produce something worthy of his high ideals, for his writings are full of promise: they display pathos, a strong sense of humour, sympathy with the lowly, a love of nature, and above all, a healthy ambition. He is understood to be preparing for publication another book, dealing mainly with navvy life, which he believes will be a better work than his first, so it is to be hoped that the promise of "Gleanings" will be fulfilled.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

*Photo by Thos. Rennie, Greenock.* **Mr. Patrick MacGill.**

## DEAN SWIFT'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

From 1741 to 1900 Swift's correspondence has been more or less fully published in no less than twelve editions. In a most concise and convenient Table (p. vi.) these are arranged and analysed by Mr. F. Elrington Ball, showing how Time and literary treasure seekers gradually increased the store. One is appalled at the sum of human toil expended for a century and a half on these not invaluable relics, and after studying them—this instalment, at least—many will ask whether the game was worth so many candles. Not of course the Swift enthusiasts, the specialists in his literary period, nor that stout band of lazy leisured readers who eat what is set before them asking no questions, and having once begun, feed on till the last course, though conscience is all the time warning them that time and digestion might be better spent. Anyway the admirable edition now before us has a triumphant defence against every cavil. It is final, definitive, the very best that ever will or can be. Sisyphus has at last got the ever-growing snowball to stand firm for ever. A few precious discoveries will no doubt be made as the years go on. Grave scandals in the family of the Dean's wig maker may come to light, the date of some joke may be corrected by days or weeks; we may yet recover the recipe for lemon pudding invented by one Queen Esther, or find out where the other bought her stay laces. But diligent search for autograph letters to or from Swift is no longer likely to be rewarded by more than enough to make up a meagre appendix, though no doubt many obscurities in the published letters may yet be cleared up. So, if all goes well the labours of six generations of editors will soon come to maturity. And Mr. Ball's edition is definitive, not only because it is the last, but because it is the best; not quite perfect perhaps, yet so excellent that no sensible scholar will ever waste time in trying to improve upon it.

* "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift. 1670-1717." Edited by F. E. Ball. 2 vols. 10/6 net each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

In his really useful Preface, the editor pays a graceful and feeling tribute to his predecessor, the late Caesar L. Falkiner, who after a year's labour bequeathed his task and materials to his friend. The confidence of so exact and exacting a scholar has not been misplaced. Mr. Ball excels in method; his insight is clear, his judgment sound, his tone modest and sober, his industry indefatigable. Much of it passes perforce unnoticed. For instance, the enormous labour involved in arranging (for the first time), in correct chronological order this mass of letters, so many of them with dubious or obviously wrong dates or none at all. We may safely trust his judgment in printing nothing which is not demonstrably genuine. Thus his argument (endorsed by Dean Barnard, Vol. I., p. xxii.) against the attribution of the three famous Montagu letters is conclusive, and his explanation doubtless correct. I cannot understand how the Hist. MSS. Com. could be deceived by the signature. They are just familiar business letters to the Duke evidently from his favourite, Mr. Lamotte, Rector on his Northants estate, who seems to have acted as his honorary steward and agent. He addresses his Grace as Rev. Doctor, and signs himself "Jonathan Swift"—clearly some little standing joke between themselves. Again, though he does not commit himself, Mr. Ball evidently agrees with Forster and Craik that Swift's remark to Hunter about getting "my Virginian bishopric" was only a jest; both Scott and Sheridan took it quite seriously. Indeed I have met with a good many more grave statements in the Dean's letters which I suspect to be due to his love of "bites," now called "sells" or "scores"—a stupid form of jest then in fashion.

But the Editor's admirable method and care are best seen in his Notes. Before beginning each letter we can gather almost at a glance all that should be known of its source—does the original autograph exist? and where? has he himself copied or collated it? how far, and when, and how correctly has it been already printed? And so forth. Too much care cannot be spent on such points. Curiously enough the most interesting letter in the Chetwode series—it showed the Dean's humanity in the case of a cat—was somehow lost, but its contents were "declared" to Forster by the owner. Again in the footnotes much help is given and much space economised by constant cross references. Great—sometimes perhaps too great—pain has been taken to elucidate obscure allusions. A good many, however, mostly in Swift's earlier letters are discreetly ignored; these I take to be either deliberate mystifications (to outwit the letter-openers), or standing jokes to us unknown between the correspondents, or clumsy pleasantries, for it must be owned that Swift's playfulness was sometimes elephantine. But the longer notes are biographical of the good old Croker type. These require judgment and restraint. They may be overdone, and I think Mr. Ball now and then overdoes them. Such notes when confined, as for instance in the Suffolk Papers, to important personages and relevant anecdote, are as delightful as the text; they instruct the many and refresh the memory of the few. But jealous editors pounce down on some obscure person, incidentally mentioned, as in a mere list of diners, and ferret out more or less rubbish about him—if a clergyman, his parentage, connexion, school, college, his various preferments, the poems he could never publish and the two sermons which he did—all with carefully revised dates. Now obviously the strict rule should be, in annotating letters such as these, to deal only with persons and incidents that affected, influenced, or illustrated the life and work of Swift, and that only so far as they did so. Further details, and the careers of the irrelevant obscurities, may be sought by the curious in the D.N.B. Where that is silent, know that curiosity is idle. On the other hand to many these irrelevancies have a fatal fascination. I myself can barely skip a line, and then I forget it all. What waste of time when one might have been going over the "Journal to Stella" once again! And to think there are six great volumes in all—and so many great books yet unread! Still Mr. Ball's notes are interesting, often curious, and, so far as I can judge, very accurate. Sometimes there seems a little want of proportion. Thus in his long notice of Lady E. Germain (I. 110), he never mentions that as a rich and active widow she became perhaps the best known woman in society. Further he observes that Germain's vast wealth "passed ultimately to a son of the first Duke of Dorset." *A son!* Why not mention that this son was Lord George Sackville (afterwards Germain) of Minden notoriety: And further he says that the only connection of Germain with the Sackvilles was that the Duchess was daughter of Germain's Dutch comrade, Marshal Colyear. My impression is that it was Lady Betty who left the property to Lord George, and that she was his aunt—at least, somebody, I think Granby, says so. It is possible that the libertine Germain may have been suspected to be the real father of the Duchess. But no doubt it is all down in the D.N.B.

As to the Correspondence itself, I wish the Editor had prefixed to each volume a list of the letters which now appear for the first time, or in complete and correct version. Many are highly important, especially those to and from Archbishop King. Yet I do not gather a clear impression of Irish affairs from Swift and his friends, and recall—it may be bad taste—the extreme interest excited by the almost forgotten Letters of that most prosaic and business-like of prelates, Primate Boulter. However, he will come on for comparison in the later volumes. Candidly, I am rather disappointed with the Correspondence so far, especially with the first volume. Of course nothing could be omitted, but some letters seem as a whole or in part hardly worth printing. But the interest grows as Swift becomes a personage, as men of genius and action gather round him, as his aim and outlook become wider and his experience ripens. The best volumes are yet in store. One desideratum I miss sorely. It is hopeless for any one to understand and enjoy these early volumes unless he has at his elbow Sir Henry Craik's admirable "Life of Swift," and even Mr. Temple Scott's edition of the "Prose Works." But if Mr. Ball had prefixed a concise two-page biography mainly composed of dates, those two pages would have been well thumbed. The most gracious feature of the work is that it contains nothing fresh about the Dean's relations to the two Esthers. After all what business is it of ours? Long ago I took my line, rightly or wrongly, and chose to think that the whole affair was only friendship seasoned by flirtation; that it suited Swift to pun and banter and flirt, and, in short, unbend in converse with what he considered the inferior female mind. And further, that with all his faults he was loyal to a severe if unconventional conscience. So I left, and still leave it at that. The party spirit and greedy place hunting of the period is repellant, but one gets used to it. We cease to blame Swift—it was a popular game, like golf, and less contemptible. When we come to Queen Anne's last days, we cannot help enjoying the scramble. On the whole is there much to blame in Swift's political career? Was he not inwardly consistent?

His successor in the Deanery contributes an interesting and judicious Introduction. Few will gainsay his praise or censure of Swift. He says all that can fairly be said against his character and conduct, nearly all that can be urged—and it is much—in his vindication. That Swift's conscious religious opinions went beyond Deism I cannot admit, but curiously enough there seems to have lain deep down in him the stern, grave ecclesiastic. Many other points in Doctor Barnard's Introduction invite comment, but we must await the completion of Mr. Ball's great work before attempting to revise our estimates of Swift by its light. And so with hearty commendations and hopes for a happy consummation of his labours we take leave.

Y. Y.

## "OTHER SHEEP."*

A study? No, Mr. Begbie, an impressionist sketch, full of colour and life. A study means quiet processes of reflection upon masses of relevant material gathered by patient

* "Other Sheep. A study of the people of India, with particular reference to the collision between Christianity and Hinduism." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

research. Dr. Hume's recent book is a study; Professor Hogg's small tract on Karma is a study of one element in the collision to which Mr. Begbie refers. But "Other Sheep" is an appreciative, one-sided eulogium of the Salvation Army's methods in India, and particularly of Mr. Tucker, who is the Fakir Singh of the stories. Readers of Mr. Begbie's previous volumes upon home missions will know what to expect in this sequel—vivid descriptions, earnest conviction, and a passionate emphasis upon the saving truths of evangelical Christianity. The field covered by the sequel is so vast and intricate and remote, however, that the impression produced sometimes fails to be clearly cut. There is a tendency to abstract argument, instead of concrete illustrations. Even when the descriptions are full of detail, as in the case of Benares, they present less individual human interest than the earlier volumes on London. In one of the early chapters the author notes how "there is a handsome tree-shaded road in Bombay, running between gardens and sea, where the rich and fashionable take the air from five to eight o'clock of an evening, and where you may see more splendour in five minutes than any capital of Europe could show you in a week; here you may behold in the midst of motor cars and lordly chariots a fine brougham drawn by a pair of tall horses, with two flunkeys on the box and two flunkeys at the back, carrying in its drab-lined interior a Parsee lady dressed in the most delicate pale silks imaginable, who, leaning back on her cushions, rests a naked biscuit-coloured foot on the ledge of the door, every toe twinkling in the sun." Mr. Begbie is best when he reveals this human touch in the Indian natives whom he met. He is less convincing in his vehement thesis that there is no use taking Christianity to oppose Brahminism until we first purge our own religion from clericalism, ceremonialism, and all magic rites, from the superstitions which have suffused Latin Christianity. There is truth enough in this contention to make it timely. But it is going too far on this line to say that "England's greatest obstacle to an understanding with Mohammedan people throughout the entire East is the ceremonialism of Christianity, regarded by all Mussulmans as blasphemous idolatry." And Mr. Begbie's appeal for a firm belief in the Bible, and at the same time for a gospel based on the majestic simplicity of Jesus Christ, opens up a series of problems which cannot be solved so easily as he seems to imagine.

However, the book has its own striking qualities. Mr. Begbie has the journalist's eye for telling episodes and vivid contrasts. He also is sympathetic towards the British government. Perhaps the most effective pages are those which describe some Ceylonese experiences. If the reader will begin by taking "De Profundis," "Buddha-land," and "Restoration," he will get into touch with Mr. Begbie at his best.

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## SHAKESPEARE AGAIN.*

The two latest books to hand about Shakespeare may fittingly be considered together, if only because they form an interesting contrast in matter and treatment. Mr. Saint-George's "The Young Man from Stratford" is a lively contribution to that interminable absurdity, the Baconian controversy. Mr. Figgis's "Shakespeare" is a sound and serious study of the dramatist and his art.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Saint-George arouses prejudice to start with. His book is badly got up; its very title breeds suspicion; the prefixed sonnet is worse than poor; the opening chapter, with its would-be humorous pose of a juryman addressing his fellow-jurymen, is a melancholy example of failure in an effort to be funny. Such initial obstacles are nearly enough to turn even the most heroic explorer aside. But on reading further we find that the volume is much better than we had been led to expect. Mr. Saint-George knows his ground; he makes his points neatly;

* "The Young Man from Stratford: A Juryman's View of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy." By Henry Saint-George. 2s. net. (William Reeves.)
"Shakespeare: A Study." By Darrell Figgis. 5s. net. (Dent.)

*Photo by Claude Harris, Regent Street, W.*

**Mr. Darrell Figgis.**

he carries the war with much vivacity into the Baconian camp. He is particularly successful in showing the self-contradictory character of the so-called evidence upon which the Baconians rely, and the way in which any one part of their case, carried well home, will be found to cancel some other part of it. Those who can still take interest in a dreary and profitless discussion will doubtless be amused to see the Baconian men of straw bowled over again for the one-hundred-and-first time. But I am myself more concerned with the author's attitude towards the fanatical Shakespeareans. I have long been convinced and have often said that, as Mr. Saint-George suggests by the way, the wild extravagances still current about Shakespeare's "universality," his encyclopædic learning, his legal attainments, and so forth, have been at least a part cause of the persistency of the anti-Shakespearean heresy, and that the bogey who figures as Shakespeare in the pages of Baconian writers is a not unnatural pendent to the superhuman monster of orthodox romantic criticism. Mr. Saint-George's little book falls into line with the healthy movement which is now gaining strength away from romantic superstition towards commonsense and historical reality. He is courageous enough too, to touch frankly on matters which are, as a rule, either avoided altogether or handled with a finicking respect for modern susceptibilities. Thus he speaks roundly of the "morbidly erotic" element in many of the plays, and of "the ever present dainty indelicacy" which he regards as one of Shakespeare's "distinguishing characteristics." My only quarrel with this remark is, that Shakespeare's "indelicacy" is by no means always "dainty," but is often, rather, of the full-blooded and robustious kind.

It is more difficult to speak of Mr. Figgis's book, both because it is so massive and thorough, and because it bristles with points for discussion. That so thoughtful and independent a writer should still be so much under the influence of the romantic tradition in criticism, seems to me to be a matter for deep regret. He says that Shakespeare's biographers have too often been lacking in a "sense of divination." My own complaint would rather be that, in biographers and critics alike, we have had altogether too much "divination"; we have not yet emancipated ourselves from the amazing vagaries of Coleridge's "divination," for example. Mr. Figgis does a little "divination" occasionally on his own account, and is therefore enabled to tell us

a number of things about Shakespeare which are not revealed to the ordinary intelligence; as for instance, how Shakespeare comported himself in discussion: "In arguments at the 'Mermaid' he would probably either be silent, because he saw the wider issues of the debate, or, if good sack were in him, engaged in the lighter word-play that Fuller credited him with, because over-earnestness in discussion could but inevitably narrow the issue, and so destroy the truth of it." This bit of pure fancy, for of course it is absolutely nothing more, is only one instance of the author's tendency—the tendency of the old school—to eke out fact with "divination": reminding us somewhat of Southey's learned friend who wrote whole volumes of hypothetical history in the subjunctive mood. Not infrequently, too, Mr. Figgis drops into the romantic critic's familiar habit of working out *à priori* theories about Shakespeare's method and art without the slightest reference to such facts as either contradict outright or at least suggest qualifications. He praises Shakespeare as "supreme" among dramatists "in the subtle faculty of conveying requisite information in apt and natural dialogue." Well, Shakespeare at his best was undoubtedly a master of good business-like openings; but what about such glaring examples of how not to do it as we find, for instance, in "Richard III.," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale"? Even the exposition of "Hamlet," which is the special topic of Mr. Figgis's remark, is sadly clogged by lumps of undigested narrative. Again, emphasising, and rightly, Shakespeare's pre-occupation with character even at the expense of plot, Mr. Figgis goes so far as to assert that "it was never he himself that wrought the construction wherein to place his characters; he created the characters that should themselves achieve their destiny, weaving it in a certain fashion according to the impulsion of life that drove them forward." But how can he say this in view of the fact that Shakespeare habitually took over his plots ready-made? It is indeed true that he often adapted his stories to meet the characters; but on the other hand, as I have myself pointed out elsewhere, the exigencies of the machinery of the action upon which he had to work often interfered with, and sometimes ruined entirely, the psychology of his characters. It is a pity that a writer who has thought so steadily about his subject should be beguiled into such transcendental utterances, to say nothing of such excursions into abstract æsthetics as: "We do not demand Illusion in a Novel, for in a Novel we seek Relation; but we demand Illusion in Drama, for in Drama we seek Contention and a Reaching-after." For otherwise, he has much to give us of real value, and no serious student of Shakespeare can afford to pass by his book. Especially noteworthy are his long and elaborate chapters on Shakespeare's stage and craft, and everything he says about the influence of contemporary stage conditions upon the form and spirit of the dramatist's work. Even on the very page which contains the dark saying just quoted, we come upon the illuminating sentence: "Antony did not go from Athens to Alexandria in five minutes; he merely went out from the stage by one door and entered by another. Athens and Alexandria were never in the matter. The whole concern was with the stage of the Globe." This is enough to show the clearness with which Mr. Figgis has perceived the long neglected truth that technical conditions were fundamental elements in the structural principles of the Shakespearean drama. The knowledge and insight which he brings to bear upon this part of his subject deserve the highest praise.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

## THE DUTCH IN THE EAST.*

Mrs. Clifton has, as she confesses, given a popular rather than a strictly accurate title to the volume in which she describes an expedition made by her husband and herself into the East in search of orchids. The route taken by the "pilgrims" ran from Calcutta to Rangoon, from where visits were made to Mandalay and to the Andaman and Nicobar Islands; and then from Rangoon to Singapore, and so home by Batavia and Penang. Of their journey Mrs. Clifton has written a bright but not always, as we shall have occasion to show immediately, a very well informed account. The lure of the exotic flowers runs through it for such as these attract, and there is much to entertain any general reader, particularly in the pages upon the Andamans, the isles of convicts, which give the book its fanciful name. Here the impressions are fresh and direct, and they are helped out by some excellent photographs.

Mrs. Clifton's book, like her route, skirts the Dutch East Indies, and at one point touches on them, but it is for a more particular reason that we associate it now with M. Cabaton's. The orchid-seekers, having landed at Batavia, were naturally anxious to push on to Buitenzorg with its unmatched botanical gardens, and beyond that their acquaintance with Java was apparently brief and not extensive. About that island Mrs. Clifton's volume says little, as we might thus expect, but the little is curiously erroneous. The distinction drawn between British and Dutch systems of administration in the East points to a belief on the part of the author that in Java Holland still maintains forced cultures; whereas, of course, she condemned them half a century ago—since when, nevertheless, they have received a benediction from many English travellers—and such as remain to-day are quite peculiar exceptions. The same lack of knowledge of changed conditions is evident in the remark that "to demonstrate how enormously the Dutch make their colonies pay, I must mention that they send back to Holland annually two hundred thousand pounds sterling out of the profits of Java, and in addition have paid for the Achinese War". The Dutch, indeed, have done much more than that out of the profits of Java, but the statement quoted above, standing unqualified and alone, can only have been set down in ignorance of the ultra-paternal government of the Javanese, which it now pleases Holland to promote. Again, we read that the Chinamen in Java are not allowed to work in the country districts, and in the towns may only do manual labour for one another; if one of them goes into the country, even for a day's work, he has to pay a fine. That, needless to say, is a comically inadequate recital of the problem of the all-pervasive Chinaman which faces Holland to-day in Java. And when, perceiving the wise adaptability of the Dutch there, on the manifestations of which, however, in food, dress, and social habits, her comments are somewhat sarcastic, Mrs. Clifton explains that "they settle down and look upon the East as their home and their abiding city, and seldom or never go back on leave," she is really missing the most obvious element in Dutch colonial life, its social impermanence.

Outside Buitenzorg, these are the only impressions of Java Mrs. Clifton records, and in them we have such justification as is required for a translation of M. Cabaton's comprehensive and informing work. If an observant and travelled visitor from among us can enter the Dutch East Indies and leave them, entertaining so inadequate and erroneous notions about their life and administration, there must be a considerable popular darkness to dispel. The whole subject, as Mr. Bernard Miall remarks, has been unaccountably neglected by the English author, and the English reader, shut off from the enormous body of Dutch literature upon it which has accumulated in the last fifty years, has had only a few, but excellent, French works to guide him. Now, however, he possesses a volume in his own tongue to enlighten him about the development of Java since Sir Stamford Raffles left it, and particularly about the political and economic importance of the Dutch colonies in the East at this interesting moment.

They stand, like Brazil, on the edge of a new era, Mr. Miall says in the historical sketch with which he prefaces his translation. As to their fate, M. Cabaton remarks that the past will answer for the future. This new and, in some

* "Java, Sumatra, and the other Islands of the Dutch East Indies." By A. Cabaton. Translated and with a Preface by Bernard Miall. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.) "Pilgrims to the Isle of Penance." By Mrs. Talbot Clifton. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

respects, critical situation, logically developed from the error and wisdom of earlier administrations, gives brightness in retrospect to a drab page of colonial history. For that reason we wish that Mr. Miall had amplified his account of Raffles' government so as to include the complexities of land tenure in Java, the only important subject on which we feel M. Cabaton rather fails us. That would have explained the difficulties and failures of administrators, both English and Dutch, in the past, and thrown light on many of the problems of the present, amongst them the position of the Chinaman, the friction between colonist and official, and the freeing of such forced labour as remains. The other main factors in the experiment Holland is now making—her new policy of education of the natives, and fresh developments in her old one of native aristocratic rule—could not be better elucidated in the space than they are here by the author and his translator.

D. S. MELDRUM.

## RIVAL SISTERS *

And rival brothers too, it will be seen; for whilst it is Mr. James Bone who plays the part of Court Painter to the high-nebbit old beauty in the East, it is the famous Muirhead of that ilk who has celebrated the soiled young Cinderella who sits stirring the strong Clyde soup and polishing up the ship-ware in the West. Gude forgie's, though, did we attempt to judge between them here: if we weigh them simultaneously, it is in the self-same pan of the scales, with strictly non-invidious epithets—"unrivalled," "unique," "unsurpassed"—heaped up in the other. And indeed, though it will sound exorbitant to claim so much, these would in any case be the real right words, the proper adjectives: due not only to Mr. Muirhead Bone's drawings (whose right to them is, after all, pretty well official by now) but also to his brother's book, the work of a writer known hitherto—at all events by name—to none but a lucky few. Nor does one forget the "Picturesque Notes" in order to make such assertions. "Edinburgh Revisited" is a most radiant and distinguished piece of writing—brilliant yet rounded—beautiful without prettiness—outlined as keenly as the Castle when it cuts against the sunset, yet as couthie and heartsome in its detail as the little glowing taverns that still snuggle about the West Bow. And it is just this emotional "reach" of the book that wins it a right to that strong word unique. Edinburgh's own range, to be sure, is of the richest; her fingers press a wonderful octave; it would be a very wizened mind that failed to find itself quickening in new directions at their touch, mixing notes together with a sudden daring—striking out audacious contrasts of expression. With her frock-coats and ravines, her douce lawyers and dark legends, her countless kirks and her queer old crimes, this "east-windy westendy" Græco-gothic town fairly out-Brodies the Deacon, in a dozen directions at once, in the vein of a splendid duplicity; and all these surface contrasts of crescents and crags, of the old Adam and the eighteenth century one, are but minor variations and enrichments of the best paradox of all: the fact that she is a city set on a hill. She will bury you deep in a black wynd, fathoms below the free sunlight, and then, in a twinkling, by simply flinging back a door, proclaim you lord of a glittering landscape spreading beneath you to the hills;—and the very wind that gives the top-hats in Princes Street their inimitably resolute rake was filling sails on the firth a second before and will be shadowing cornfields the next. Young Louis Stevenson reviled those winds—and, indeed, they nipped his body sorely; but we cannot doubt that they fed and nursed his prose. Ranging the hills and the sea for elemental images, and then fitting them together with a crafty urbane click, that prose is supremely the product of a town where you may stroll, at your ease, on an eighteenth century terrace and watch ships beating out for the Baltic, or sit softly among your books, and see the mists melting above moorland farms. A City that fairly FORCES rich prose!

True enough; but just as true that the moment you take such a source of inspirations for your sitter you tax far more than the special strength which she provides. Few writers, certainly, have been strong enough to stand such a siege; their work either splinters and jars, like So-and-so's, or else they pick and choose eclectically among the aspects—this one sticking to the Old Town and its tales—another taking up with Architecture—the most famous of them using just enough of it to make a kind of cameo profile. But Mr. Bone's book accepts and embodies them all. "Edinburgh goes to one's head," he does once admit, with a kind of happy desperation, "so crowded, vivid and sounding are the impressions she breaks about her," but even as he gasps it he dashes the spray from his eyes and leaps level with his subject:

> "Edinburgh goes to one's head, so crowded, vivid and sounding are the impressions she breaks about her. A flag is your only simile: like a flag the city cuts clean and brave against the clouds, fluttering over often in the shake of the east wind. She is a thing of history, torn and stained with old deeds and great days, and starred with burning names. Like a flag the sight of her makes the blood move at a quick step."

And his prose can keep pace with all her moods. It is dandiacal in Princes Street, pawky down at Leith, grim enough in Greyfriars; and on the page which tells of the Deacon it screws the pitch up by a device so novel yet so sound that even that old drama clutches the reader by the throat afresh. The chapter on the New Town is as spacious and secure as the masonry of which it speaks; and bedded in the midst of it are fluted passages of a lingering beauty, carved with an exquisite skill:

> "Then there comes a moment when the delicate little trees quietly assert themselves as potent factors in the spell of Edinburgh. In a winter afternoon at dusk, when the sun has left a tinge of red in the west, and the waters of the Forth are *blae* as a dead man's eye, while night steals in from the east, and the sea mists and the town smoke conspire to help her—then, citizens on their steep way down from the Old Town to their homes in Stockbridge do well to stop at the corner of Queen Street and look west. From the hanging gardens the empty little trees with their deep-blue limbs rise and unite the grey astringent pink of the sky with the wan green grass and black earth, while the lemon-grey stone of the Heriot Row houses appears at the bottom, with perhaps a lit window or two, their glow still paled by the twilight, to give a hint of home and firesides. At such a time I have felt there a sense of fugitive beauty that was almost intolerable, something in the blend of intimacy and mystery in the scene that seemed to say that the key to the secret behind the material face of things lay there—there all about one—but that the night was coming on, and in a moment more the spell would be gone, the faculties would re-assert themselves, and the soul return to its silence. That spirit of strange wounded beauty of which Watteau among painters had the surest vision, lingers somewhere in Edinburgh, and these delicate, starved little trees among the masonry are the magic wands to summon it."

To set that delicate scroll-work beside one of the ripe genre studies in the lilting chapter which deals with the "lands" is to get some idea of the grasp of this new, strong and subtle artist. And the proof of the rightness of his vision is the way all these various aspects swim together to form a common picture. As he writes, Edinburgh ceases to figure in the mind as a piece of brittle fantasy. It warms from within, deepens and mellows. It loses its air of being a piece of stage-scenery. It becomes human and habitable, a jolly home for living men.

And meanwhile, over in the west, it is a precisely complementary service that Mr. Muirhead Bone has been rendering Glasgow. "Edinburgh Revisited" betrays the housewifely heart behind the famous beauty; "Glasgow" is a mirror convicting utility of loveliness, a loveliness of which she never dreamed and which has crept upon her unawares, the unsought seal of her labours. We have no etcher like Mr. Bone, none so vital or adventurous; but he is *de race* for all that—it is no anxious originality that takes him to our cities for his subjects—it is just because he is the due child of the traditions that he turns so frankly and

* "Edinburgh Revisited." By James Bone. With Etched Frontispiece, 16 mounted Collotype and 50 line drawings by Hanslip Fletcher. 21s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
"Glasgow: Fifty Drawings." By Muirhead Bone. With Notes on Glasgow by A. H. Charteris. (James Maclehose & Sons.)

simply to these strange contemporary flowers, with their petals of fenestrated stone and their stems of twisted streets and the quivering, black pollen of their traffic. The mark of his work is an absolute honesty—a craftsmanship so uncannily perfect that it could easily conquer us by sheer virtuosity, but that is always controlled by an intellect of beautiful serenity and candour. A man need not be a native of Glasgow, need not even know the place, in order to recognise these drawings and rejoice in them all. For there is no typical expression of a modern city which has not its choice ambassador here; and townsfolk all over the country—in Birmingham, in Liverpool, in Edinburgh herself, will perceive with a thrill that they have been walking among pictures all their lives. In "Buchanan Street, looking South" it is that familiar effect of a tall, rapid vista, all vertical lines and concentrated detail dwindling sharply, along which the eye runs like a hand rippling across harp-strings, striking off rich arpeggios of pleasure. "St. Vincent Street, looking West" is a record of the hour that comes when evening tip-toes up some blank suburban street, making the hushed houses seem momentous, and drawing in its wake a range of far spires and roof-tops rising to assume their one hour of solemnity. "Gordon Street" exalts one with the sight of quivering clots and strings of clustered traffic, very tiny and tense, as one sees them from a high building, working and breaking down below. The "Demolition of the Barony Poor House" has the haggard and penetrating beauty that breaks from such themes, coming to us in forms as strange as stalagmites or gourds.

But in most the drama is wholly impersonal and intrinsic. There are no pathetic fallacies in Mr. Bone's work. He is a master of mists, as his "Tracehorses on a Foggy Day" proves, but he has no need to wait, with Whistler, for evening to turn chimney-stacks into campanili. And whilst he can track and repeat the least wrinkle on a wrung face of buildings as relentlessly as Meryon, he never thrusts the rendering askew, or tugs it into melodrama, as the Frenchman too often did. The result is that the emotions roused by these pictures of street-scenes are as primitive and enduring as those which come from the sight of far hills or woods or at the touch of rain. Could they only be distributed as easily as printed books they might stir men as the early Kipling did. They certainly take us closer to the realisation of actuality than any literature we have: save for a page or two of Mr. Wells, modern writing has never faced its surroundings so frankly. Town Planners and Municipal Reformers are a fine sight, of course, and they have their due place in the scheme of things. But this portfolio might do more than them all to make a man aware of the wonder of urbanity and proud of his part in it and zestful to serve his city.

DIXON SCOTT.

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## A BATCH OF NOVELS.*

Mrs. Penny's Rajah was brought up at Eton and Oxford, but after his pleasant English years he must return to his own kingdom to take up his duties as ruler. He had made friends, chief among them Ted Dersingham and his sister Delphine, and took Ted out as his secretary, Delphine following to keep house for Ted. Of course the Rajah missed England, and Ted and Delphine were priceless helps to remembering the old days, through the squabbles and intriguings of the Zenana where his father's four widows lived and plotted. But gradually his obligations towards his people prevailed on him to lean to Indian ways, he went through religious ceremonies and joined in strange rites to please them, and though Delphine nearly loved him and he her, and almost they joined forces in marriage, matters stopped short, the Rajah married the daughter of one of his nobles, who had been Delphine's friend in England, and Delphine went home, though it is hinted that she would probably end by marrying the Political Resident. It is all a straightforward story, never sensational nor profound in any way, the characters are distinctly differentiated rather than delineated, and the incidents are interesting without being highly coloured. Even the kidnapping of Delphine by the hostile Zenana rouses very little emotion in the reader's mind. You know it is going to end all right and without much trouble. A very cheerful readable tale, with just a suggestion of the problem of educating Indian princes that Mr. A. E. W. Mason set before us so startlingly in "The Broken Road."

Taking together the four books that follow—"Earth" by Muriel Hine, "Moonseed" by Rosalind Murray, "The Taming of John Blunt" by Alfred Ollivant, and "A Sheltered Woman" by Mrs. H. H. Penrose—one might find a common measure for the four in their principal women. They display indeed contrasted points of view, two of them—"A Sheltered Woman" and "Moonseed"—presenting women of the reticent, fine hearted, sensitive type, to a certain degree unequal to grappling with life, unable to master their fate; the other two have for heroine the more modern, free-thoughted, active, fine-hearted, dauntless woman, facing life steadily and bravely. Miss Hine's Diana is a live, lively person, "half a boy" as the rough old painter tells her, noble and sane, though it is not quite clear how the ripe major, the old philanderer, falls in love with her or she with him; it would seem that a lawless kiss snatched in an Italian moonlight made all the difference to her between careless friendship and love. The book has no little verve, and introduces several other people who play their parts with spirit, though we are rather tired of the Jack of the modern novel, the "good-looking young Englishman with his trim white yacht and respectful crew, his whole air of good breeding and British prosperity." He appears in so many books nowadays, and is so much made to stock pattern. We should have liked more of Ericsen, the big, tumultuous, red bearded, buoyant, outspoken Royal Academician, with his genius and his big heart. The active part of the story is hardly so good as the beginning, where there are some excellent portraits, none in the book being better than that of Diana's mother, sourish, selfish, hypochondriacal, yet in the end by a beautiful surprise almost winning our regard.

Another portrait of a self-reliant, brave souled girl is to be found in "The Taming of John Blunt." The story cannot be better epitomized than in the little note on the cover of the book:

"The protagonist is a Socialist publicist known as the Unspeakable Blunt. Rough yet heroic, a savage fighter with the heart of a child and the manners of a barbarian, he goes up to Cumberland to investigate an old-time aristocrat's management of her estates. There he charms, and is charmed by, the niece of his aristocratic antagonist. The latter brings an officer of the Guards on to the scene. The two men battle over the girl. John conquers the man and is conquered by the woman."

There you have the story in a nutshell. But with every deference to Mr. Ollivant his people are not real. This grievous result he attains by his way of presenting them. His ideas of the noble woman, spinster, heroic, rigidly conforming to her ideal of life; of the fine free girl, pure and courageous, gay, mischievous, understanding; of the big-hearted big-bodied man, unconventional, full of burning thoughts; of the rugged woman of the cottage; of the dear delightful mother of John Blunt (the friendliest of all the people in the book, for she dies in the first chapter and remains an idea, unspoilt by emphasis or crude phrasing), all this is arresting and interesting to the last degree. But in the working out it becomes conventionally unconventional, theatrical, jarring. Blunt never does anything in an ordinary way: he "chuckles" all the time, everything is violent and unreal. Mr. Ollivant has something of the epic manner, grandiose, spacious, great doing: we saw it in "The Gentleman," but in "John Blunt" the manner becomes mock heroic, almost burlesque. Blunt is simply, as Lady Florence says, "*The* most really *impossible* person

* "The Rajah." By F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Earth." By Muriel Hine. 6s. (John Lane.)—"A Sheltered Woman." Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)—"Moonseed." Rosalind Murray. 3s. d6. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Taming of John Blunt." Alfred Ollivant. 6s. (Methuen.)—"A Circuit Rider's Wife." Corra Harris. 6s. (Constable.)

I ever met. No manners, no breedin', no nothin'." It is most unkind to marry Rachel to such a bear. Moreover it is hard to imagine that if fifty odd years of such a delicious little old mother could not lick him into shape, Rachel could do it in a few weeks, or ever at all at his time of life. The strength and vividness of Mr. Ollivant's robust and virile style, though it is strained and misapplied grievously on many occasions, gives this book an undoubted advantage in holding the reader's attention. But Ericson, in Miss Hine's book, little as we see of him, is more suggestive of reality than John Blunt with all this emphasis and underlining.

In "Moonseed" and in "A Sheltered Woman" we have very quiet, very restrained stories, yet in their restraint showing no little art. Miss Murray tells of a strange suppressed girl, Chloe, eager for beauty in all things, with deep sensitive feelings, who falls in love with a bright, artistic young man who unfortunately engages himself most unsuitably to her cousin Augusta, an out-of-doors, sport-loving girl, proud, unsentimental, unswerving from a rigid code. Claude proves unworthy and the engagement is broken off, but Chloe forgives his weaknesses and still loves him.

In time she too comes to find him impossible, and ceases to love, but the passing of this love takes something from her life, and though she finds sober content in a sober marriage with a good, middle-aged man, nothing can ever restore the freshness of life before her romance was killed. The characterization is very subtly and clearly wrought, and the frame of the story well shaped and carefully proportioned. "Moonseed" assures an attentive reader that Miss Murray is capable of very good work indeed.

In "A Sheltered Woman" Mrs. Penrose has given us a novel that should find a wide public and help to establish her reputation firmly. The story of Cecily Chalmers is a pathetic one. Left after three months of marriage by the husband she adored, who went off to his regiment in West Africa; living in a bungalow near three of his aunts, she was betrayed through her innocence and goodness by Violet Chalmers, her sister-in-law, who one night brought her lover into the bungalow, and by a fatal chance he was seen, and this story, carried to those grim aunts and transferred to Major Chalmers, brought him home to accuse Cecily of infidelity. Indignation and a soft-hearted promise of secrecy wheedled out of her by Violet (who swore her innocence and gave plausible explanations) kept Cecily from telling the whole thing to her husband. And the estrangement when he left her almost killed her. Violet was divorcing her husband, and had got her decree nisi, when Major Chalmers was persuaded by the strange boy Lawrence Colburn that he was in the wrong. He went down to Cecily, but hearing the truth about that suspicious night he declared he would stop Violet's divorce. This agony of having endured so much in vain, of betraying her friend when she had kept her secret till all was safe, and when she had told only her husband whom she would have trusted, was too much for Cecily, and the shock killed her. The portrait of Cecily is masterly, and the other people—Fred her husband, self-righteous, making a fetish of "duty" and his own opinion; the three aunts, two of them narrow-minded, carping, scandal-hunting, tale-bearing, the third more human and understanding; Lawrence Colburn the schoolboy, poet, painter, perhaps a little too much endowed with intuition and knowledge to be quite convincing in one or two instances, but charming and a true friend; Captain Bosworth; old Susan the maid—everybody is given a distinct individuality and a definite place in the story. In short, for its art and its story, the balance and feeling of which are alike admirable, this is certainly the best of all the books already mentioned.

As for "A Circuit Rider's Wife," by Corra Harris, it is impossible to praise it too highly. It describes the life of the Methodist parson in the heart of the country districts of America, with its uncouthness, its poverty, its privations, its austere spirituality, its homely nobility, its triviality, its upliftings, its desolations, its triumphs. Told in the first person by the parson's wife, who as a girl was part of the gay Episcopalian society of a little white-and-blue town in Middle Georgia, it recounts how they met and singled out each other from the first moment, and how in less than a week they were engaged, and married in less than a month, and drove off to the parsonage on the Redwine Circuit, "a little wren of a house, hidden between two green shoulders of the world." Soon the Episcopalian girl had to learn new ways and new people, and these are described with a vividness, a pungency, a precision that cannot easily be surpassed. The circuit and its ways, the open-air meetings with their picnicking flavour, the revivals, the backsliders, the working of the Spirit in her husband, her own part in sustaining and mothering him, his faith, his singlemindedness, the women who pestered him, the trials that followed on their poverty, such as the difficulty of finding clothes, all the thousand and one varieties of a monotonous long life spent in going from circuit to circuit, finding "the same kind of sinners everywhere and the same defects in all the saints," till "at last I came to understand that there is just one kind of sin in the world—the sin against love—and no saints at all," all this is to be found told in the most delightful way, with an exquisite sense of humour playing over all like sunlight, a tenderness and comprehension that is never sentimental, and in a supple, subtle style that arrives at distinction. That is the quality of the book, distinction. It says what you do not quite expect in a way you do not quite expect, but just a little better than you had ventured to hope. The wit of the thought and expression never jars with the complete reverence of the whole. Read the sixth chapter on William and his Worldly Mind, and his love of horse-dealing, or the eleventh on Finances and Fashions, and then the deep sweetness of chapter four, which describes William at a deathbed, or five, which shows him in the shadow of despair, and you cannot find anything incongruous. The beauty and dignity of spiritual Methodism find in this book a wise and true expression. The charm of the manner is only equalled by the penetration displayed in interpreting. Even in the humorous pages there is something tender and sympathetic, something that shows the heart of the people as it is, as in the account of the revival where the saintliest soul in the village testified as follows:

"Brother Thompson, you know, all of you know, I try to be a good man. But the flesh is weak. I git tempted and fall into sin before I know it. I'm suffering remorse now beca'se I set my old Dominique hen twice and cheated her into hatchin' two broods of chickens without giving her a day's rest between settin's! My remorse is worse beca'se a man can't apologize to a hen or make restitution!"

Here is an excellent paragraph in summing up:

"These faded daguerreotypes of memory suggest but faintly any idea of the people with whom I began my life as a minister's wife. I can only show their narrowness. I am not able to give the shrill high notes of faith in their lives. They made an awful business of being good. And the contrast between them and the witty, mind-bred, spirit-lost people of the world was startling indeed, but more to their credit than some are accustomed to think."

F. M. ATKINSON.

## "SEEMS SO!"*

It is quite easy to find fault with this book. Whether you are a Liberal, a Conservative, or merely a critic, doesn't matter, you can't prevent yourself from being struck by certain blemishes. Politically, the authors have no good word for any party; brickbats of destructive criticism are hurled at all alike, and no allowance is made anywhere. Critically and politically Mr. Reynolds and his two collaborators bring us, in effect, a bucket without a bottom and say: Put us some water in this for our needs. In other words, they state their case bluntly and leave it there, with no hint whatever of how the case is to be met. It is as if a physician diagnosed a malady, then stopped short of a prescription—parallels could be multiplied. They may answer that they are not doctors; and we can reply with

* "Seems So! A Working-class View of Politics." By Stephen Reynolds and Bob and Tom Woolley. With a Frontispiece from a photograph by Melville Mackay. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

**Arguing the Point.**

From "Seems So!" by Stephen Reynolds. (Macmillan.)

the fact that in this particular trouble all the world is an anatomist, and can put its finger on the seat and cause of the disorder. Briefly, who is there in these islands who doesn't know of the discontent of the so-called working classes? Surely no one who deserves to be counted as a citizen. And this is what Mr. Reynolds offers us—a needle-eye view of this discontent as it moves and has its being in a small, south coast fishing port.

Yet taking the book as a whole it is one that must make certain persons—we hope certain classes—think afresh—not, as we have said, because they didn't know of these matters, but because the points are here driven home in a quiet, first-hand manner; are put before them in grey home-spun, the very strength of which is enough to arouse some needful attention. Not, again, that these ailments of the body politic are receiving no attention; there never was a time when they received so much, and the more they get the more they ask. It was a case of Oliver Twist; soon it will be the Fat Boy. And the evil is that he does not know which is the best food for him, nor how much to take of any portion; while his very humanity and the whole conditions of the situation have made him, and always will make him, discontented with what is given. Still, in the general interests of humanity and the particular betterment of the race, it has to be given; and it were wiser to have a rather slow and bloodless revolution, no matter what heart-aching it costs, than one of fire and sword. The working man—that is the industrialist, and even the workers on the soil in the north, not your out-of-date agricultural labourers in the south—is out to wrest certain rights from the capitalist, for whom he has been too long a tool, and in that wresting Mr. Reynolds's long-shoremen, and all the laggards of the south and east and west, will benefit. The trouble is: Will that wresting stop short when justice is satisfied? Or will the pendulum swing too far the other way? And all true citizens must be concerned at this uncertainty.

If the book has any outstanding value it is in the fact that it comes not merely from a part of the country where stagnation has long been the order, but also that it emanates from a class that has claimed no attention in politics and is generally, the whole coasts around, of a phlegmatic, "follow-me-father" order. In addition it stirs up many points of contention, and lets light into many little corners which must, from the common nature of things, be dark to the mass of persons who have not lived amongst hand-workers; such as: "The cheap political Press is becoming an object of stronger and resentful suspicion. . . .Its irresponsibility for anything except vote-catching is defeating itself. The semi-educated clerks of the suburban railway train, the tradesman hurrying down-street to see if the papers are in, place more reliance on its statements than do workmen; for working people, who live much in the past and let the future take care of itself, have longish memories. In the end, it does not do to tell them one thing one day and the reverse next week. Among some of the younger men here it was one of the jokes at recent elections to get hold of rival half-penny journals and to compare their headlines; and the verdict usually was: 'They're all of 'em liars together. They only does it to deceive the likes of us. They ought to be muzzled, or put a stop to, I reckon.'"

This, at least, is a straw, and a pretty correct one, showing how the wind blows. As to the divisions of this discontent—*i.e.* the subjects discussed in the book—they are many; and we could easily have fastened on any one of them and filled our space with comments for and against the authors' point of view. But instead of doing so, we have striven to give some hint of the whole; and to show that while the book is one of some real value, it is not outstandingly so, for the simple reason that it neither goes into the under-currents of this great obvious stream, nor does it either show us in any way how to dam the stream or to turn it aside to some better end. Mr. Reynolds is, apparently, not an idealist at all, not a builder up, or both here and in that far better book of his, "The Poor Man's House," he would have had some constructive theory to offer. His mission seems to be to show up certain evils and leave them there, yet to show them up in a way that will at least arrest attention and compel the more penetrative, resourceful and formative thought of others to take up the matter where he leaves it and pursue it to some more definite and cogent end.

J. E. PATTERSON.

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## THE FREE MARRIAGE.*

With the suffragette agitation reaching its acutest stage, amid the breaking of windows in the West End and the incomprehensible hostility of the leaders of the cause towards public men who are brave enough to sympathise with and support them, Mr. Keighley Snowden's new novel comes wearing a certain air of timeliness, for it offers a shrewd and sympathetic study of those insistent problems of sex equality, the right of a woman to go her own way and retain her individual freedom after marriage, and of the baffling and uncertain elements of feminine psychology in general.

So far as I remember, no novelist who has handled the question of free marriage has boldly chosen as his protagonists a man and wife with a few children. It is a simple matter for a childless man and wife, when they tire of each other or feel the bond of wedlock unduly irksome, to arrange quite amicably to dwell apart. She can proceed to earn her own living; he his; it is only the personal happiness and well being of each that is involved in this separation, and so long as they obtain these all is for the best. But when there are children to consider, the whole aspect of the situation is changed, unless both husband and wife are

* "The Free Marriage." By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

without scruple and can lightly throw over the responsibilities they voluntarily took upon themselves. Mr. Snowden's man and wife are childless; to that extent he simplifies the problem; otherwise, he deals with it very frankly and with marked ability. His Dick and Margery Jerrold had agreed, on marrying, that neither should be bond-slave to the other; that each should be still at liberty to pursue a separate aim and course in life without consulting the other. They are both journalists; Dick a sensitive, over-conscientious one; Margery of more robust fibre, and with a knack of writing exactly the cheap and catchy stuff that suits the readers of the lady's journal to which she is attached. On a point of conscience and personal dignity Dick quarrels with his editor and losing his engagement cannot find another. Margery earns enough for the two but it humiliates him to be dependent on her, so he gets together a trifle of money and goes away to rent a small cottage in the country whilst he lives there alone and writes a second novel that shall bring him money and fame and lift him for ever out of the journalistic rut.

Meanwhile, living without him and pursuing her own work in London, Margery attracts the attention of the proprietor of her paper. This man, Hurst, a great newspaper owner of the coldly calculating, imperious, ultra modern type, is one of the subtlest and most masterly-drawn characters in the book. He is taken with Margery's brightness and vivacity, and from placing increasing confidence in her, appoints her his private secretary. She is so far from suspecting anything more than an honest friendliness in these favours that she even ventures to ask him to use his authority and have her husband restored to his post on the paper that had dispensed with his services, and Hurst not only consents to do so but obligingly adopts methods of doing it that shall open the door so wide that Dick may easily return without pinching his vanity in the entry.

This arranged, Hurst at once begins to move quickly in his private designs. He dispatches Dick, on a moment's notice, to report the wine riots in France—sends him off on an evening when Margery is coming to dine with her employer, and before she has met Dick since their estrangement. He had come to town to interview Hurst, not knowing that her influence had been at work to secure his recall, and had not yet been home to see her. When she arrives at Hurst's flat and learns that her husband had been there, and is already on his way to France without even a good-bye to her, she is hurt and angry, and Hurst accentuates her resentment by withholding explanations and suppressing the message Dick had left for her with him. For the time, her deep love of her husband is obscured, and Hurst subtly, calculatingly proceeds to take advantage of this. That he failed was due to no relenting on his part. Nothing but an accident saves Margery from his callous snare, but though the accident brings Margery and Dick together she does not find it easy to win back his love and his faith in her. She has to travel a dark, sad road before she can find admittance again to his heart, and once there is glad to confess that the free marriage was a mistake and that "I think, Dick, we haven't been living enough for one another."

The sketches of journalistic life are vivid and true, and full of interest. They make an excellent setting for a strong and poignant story that has been well thought out and is written with ripe knowledge of humanity and with imagination. In characterisation, as well as in dramatic and emotional forcefulness "The Free Marriage" reaches a higher level than Mr. Snowden has ever touched before. He has done other good books but, so far, this is his best.

S. J.

## THE BROWNINGS ONCE MORE.*

A warmth of expression and a liberal display of sentiment, vivid colour and ecstatic asides, such were presumably among the qualities looked for by his hearers in the narrative of an *Improvvisatore*; to have demanded an exactitude and carefulness inconsistent with impromptu utterances would have been unreasonable; and so long as he added the piquancy of some high-flown compliments to the more prominent persons among his audience, he might think his task creditably achieved. Biography is not improvisation, but both the merits and defects of the *Improvvisatore's* method are apparent in Miss Whiting's work. She is an emotional rather than a critical biographer; but that is not to say that her book is not both interesting and acceptable. Robert Browning himself loved to look at men and things from different points of view. We have had serious English records of his life and work, too serious and too cold, it may be, in Miss Whiting's opinion, which may be called "Half-Rome"; Mr. Chesterton's monograph may stand for "Tertium Quid"; and now here, suffused with feeling, comes the American presentment, "The other Half-Rome." It is true that Miss Whiting, as her title shews, sets out to include more than her predecessors did; but of Mrs. Browning she tells us little more than we have already learnt in the biographies of Robert Browning, less, indeed, in one respect, for she ignores the medium question, which was practically the only one on which the poetess differed seriously from her husband. Perhaps Miss Whiting thinks we have already had enough of that episode, and many people will agree with her. The book, as a whole, may be read with enjoyment by those not previously familiar with its story; but its real value lies in the handful of letters, hitherto unpublished, written by Browning in his later years to some of his American friends. Before, however, these are considered, Miss Whiting will, it is hoped, pardon a writer who ventures to touch lightly upon some of the defects incidental to her method, with a view to their correction where possible. The *Improvvisatore* was not deliberate, and there are evident traces of haste in Miss Whiting's pages. Positive repetitions are found on pp. 194 and 206, and on pp. 267 and 268. On p. 14 she speaks of the first eight parts of "Bells and Pomegranates," as if there were more, whereas they are eight in all; Eastnor Castle (p. 22) is not a "seat of the Somersets"; not Macready's departure for America (p. 35), but that of the actor who played

*Photo by Elliott & Fry.* **Mr. Keighley Snowden.**

* "The Brownings; their Life and Art." By Lilian Whiting. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Pym checked the run of *Strafford*; Browning's early friendship with the Flower sisters is pointedly ignored (p. 40); the "Pension Rue Ville l'Eveque," p. 93, is an odd contraction of the Hotel de la Ville in the Rue d'Evêque; the statement, on p. 28, that "at Como they abandoned the diligence for the boat, sailing through the lovely chain of lakes to Fluelen" is to attribute to the poets a faith which could remove mountains; Devonshire Street (p. 129) becomes Grosvenor Street on p. 130; Lady Marian Alford's father was not the *Duke* of Northampton (p. 153); the editorship of *Cornhill* was not offered to Browning on Thackeray's death (p. 203), but on his retirement; and selections from the Brownings' poetry were not demanded (p. 210) for "The Golden Treasury." Miss Browning, we are told on p. 244, "was able to ride a mule or a donkey as one to the manor born"; the Lady of the Manor, in fact! On a certain occasion (p. 294) "The entire Venetian Syndic" (how could it be otherwise?) was present; and the last sentence in the book, a really eloquent one, is marred by the substitution of a "was" for a "were." These, as well as some obvious printers' errors, are matters readily susceptible of alteration; but whether adulation of the living, which in a book concerned with the great dead jars painfully upon an English reader, will permanently satisfy Miss Whiting's taste, who but herself can say?

To come to the new letters. Browning's indebtedness to Mrs. Arthur Bronson, which has always been recognised, can now be still more amply realised. Her judicious Venetian hospitality protected the poet from himself. Why he needed such protection is rather mysterious, but that he did this correspondence proves. "I have been nearly eleven weeks in town," he writes (August, 1888), "and hard social work all the time up to the latest, when, three weeks ago, I found it impossible to keep going . . . Poor battered me, tugged at and torn to pieces, metaphorically, by so many sympathisers, real or pretended." The picture of a poet, well on in the seventies, who allowed his energies to become exhausted by the acceptance of perpetual hospitalities, some of which at any rate he might have had the firmness to decline, troubles the imagination. It is clear, too, that he valued "peace and quietude." Those, at any rate, he found under the roof of his Venetian hostess, who knew how to keep bores and crowds at a respectful distance. He was duly grateful. "He never regarded gratitude as a burden," Mrs. Bronson has recorded, "as less generous minds are apt to do." These letters, illustrative in the main of Browning's heart rather than of his intellect, shew him gifted with a depth of affection, too, which ordinary men, particularly in old age, do not possess. They emphasise, also, his perennial youthfulness. We see him furnishing the "bare framework" of a comedietta, which Mrs. Bronson filled up—does this survive, one wonders?—mending her verses and begging her to take his alterations "for what they are not worth"; and correcting in the high Alps the proofs of a poem of which he had been "too negligent in London; many distractions stood in the way of that." In the most interesting passage of all he describes his first visit to Asolo, "delicious Asolo" as he then called it. His last stay in that city of enchantment has rightly been fixed upon by all his biographers as one of the most beautiful episodes in his career, illumined as it is with the light of an approaching sunset. Let us hear his own account of his earliest acquaintance with it fifty-one years before.

"When I first found out Asolo," he writes, "I lodged at the main hotel in the Square—an old, large inn of the most primitive kind. The ceiling of my bedroom was traversed by a huge crack, or rather cleft, caused by the earthquake last year; the sky was as blue as blue could be, and we were all praying in the fields, expecting the town to tumble in. On the morning after my arrival, I walked up to the Rocca; and on returning to breakfast I mentioned it to the landlady, whereon a respectable middle-aged man, sitting by, said: "You have done what I, born here, never thought of doing." I took long walks every day, and carried away a lively recollection of the general beauty, but I did not write a word of "Pippa Passes"—that idea struck me when walking in an English wood, and I made use of Italian memories."

Here we may fitly leave him, amid the happy reminiscences of youth and poetry.

H. C. MINCHIN.

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## THE YELLOW PERIL IN ART.*

There are alarmists who foresee in the near future an invasion of Europe from the Far East. They call it "The Yellow Peril" and, concerned only with material conquest, are unaware that they have been cleverly prophesying after the event and that the Western world has already bowed its head to the Yellow Conqueror. And the victory has been the greater because no diplomatic or commercial bargains have had to be struck, imposed by the brutal logic of guns and bayonets. The pen, they admit, is mightier than the sword, where treaties have had to be signed, but they have not dreamed that the brush may be mightier than the pen. They have not realised that, in things of vital importance, Europe, that is the Europe which really matters, has gladly recognised its master. In a word they are ignorant of the fact that Europe has, in artistic affairs, gone to school to Japan, just as, in material affairs, Japan has gone to school to Europe. And who, realising that man is composed of matter and spirit, can doubt which has learned the most valuable lesson?

For two hundred years it had been an accepted axiom in the Western world of Art that the last word in Painting had been said by Raphael, Correggio and Titian. As in our "schools of sound learning" all teaching had to be founded upon the study of Greek and Latin, so, in our schools of Art, it was axiomatic that everything had to be founded upon the classicism of Greece or the Renaissance. There were, of course, a few audacious persons who dared from time to time to be indifferent to precedent, but they were howled down, and Art was on the verge of being choked in an atmosphere of brown sauce and red shadows, when suddenly through our stuffy studios swept a draught of sweet, clean east wind. The old teachers wrapped up to the ears in conventions shivered a bit and ordered the windows to be closed, but the young men had savoured the freedom which lay outside and were not to be denied. It was true, they admitted, that the last word had been said in the grand style by Greece and Italy. All glory to the past for that. But was that any reason why they should sit in unventilated studios for ever making poor travesties of Greek and Latin masterpieces, any more than that their fellows in the schoolroom should sit for ever spoiling good paper with halting Greek and Latin iambics? They had no thought of belittling the achievements of classicism, but they wanted to express *themselves*, and there were teachers from the East standing about outside in the unfettered air ready to teach them the way to do it. So certain naughty boys, whose ring-leaders were Alfred Stevens, Narcisse Diaz, James Whistler, Edouard Manet and Alphonse Legros, kicked over Dame Europa's forms (or formulæ), at which they had sat too long, and played truant to the school of Nippon. Thus was inaugurated a revolution in the art of Painting in Europe of which the end is not yet. Fortunately, the boys who thus took French leave of their Dame's School had minds of their own, minds very alien to those of their new masters. Otherwise we should have had a repetition of the old trouble, poor mockeries of bygone masterpieces. But they took care to absorb the spirit, and ignore the letter. They grasped the Japanese essentials and appropriated them to Western requirements. That was in the third quarter of the nineteenth century and most of the pioneers are now dead. But the revolution goes on, and the rising generations demand Histories and text books. And they are getting them.

Fortunately for us in England, we have one man who is recognised, both in Asia and in Europe, as a supreme

* "The Painters of Japan." By Arthur Morrison. 2 vols. Illustrated. £5 5s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

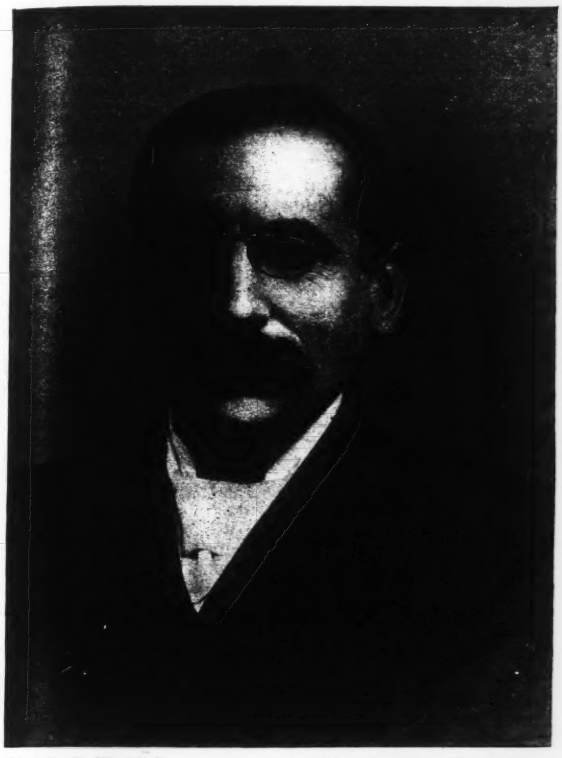

*Photo by F. W. Clark.* **Mr. Arthur Morrison.**

authority on the Art of China and Japan, and it is to Mr. Arthur Morrison that we are indebted for the latest, though by no means the final utterance on a matter of outstanding importance. We may not agree with all he has to say, but we shall be wise, before expressing anything adverse to his opinions, to start with the presumption that he is right and we are wrong. Not that, even in the generous space of these two splendid volumes which lie before us, even he can say a tithe of what is to be said, or give examples of more than a little that is to be seen, of the vast material that has been accumulating during a thousand years. For it must be remembered that Eastern Art—and Art, be it said, in a very lofty, some would say the loftiest, meaning of the word—was being practised when our Alfred the Great, surrounded by ferocity, barbarism and ignorance, was laying the foundations of Britain's primitive civilization, and that this Art, through developments as various and as clearly marked as those of European Art, held an unbroken record until it culminated in the outstanding genuis of Hokusai who lived into the days of Queen Victoria. Think, then, of this vast period, during which at least a thousand painters lived whose names are still well remembered in their own country, think of the tens of thousands of paintings which they produced, and then gauge if you can the enormous difficulty of Mr. Morrison's task, appreciate the remarkable ability with which it has been accomplished.

We must, of course, be careful, in the enthusiasm engendered by any new discovery, whether material or spiritual, not to allow ourselves to be blinded to the merit of achievement to which we have grown accustomed. We must not ignore the splendour of Western Art, because, for the moment, we are overwhelmed by the revelation that has come to us from the East. What we have to do is to recognise St. Paul's eclecticism, that there are diversities of gifts but the same spirit. And, it must be remembered at the same time, as Mr. Morrison justly points out, that the innate character of Japanese Painting was limited and determined by its conditions. "Process and material," he writes, "made the convention one of restraint, simplicity, directness and sincerity. A wet brush was used on a sheet of paper or silk on which the design must be placed boldly, rapidly, without hesitation, and once for all—for there was no recalling the touch once hazarded." There we get the limitations and the virtues which arose from the necessities. Just so it was with the fresco painter, though he *could* cut away a mistake and lay in fresh plaster. "But the Japanese painter had no such resource. Any interference with the surface of fine grained silk once painted meant ruin on the instant, and the fibrous paper, drinking the colour or ink as deeply as the silk itself, was equally obdurate." That is well said. It indicates where the possibilities of Eastern water-colour painting fall short of the possibilities of Western painting in oils. And it indicates further that painting by first intention, decision of touch, must be mastered in a way that has only been revealed to a few of the painters in oils. The necessities of their material demanded from the Eastern painter unity of design, simplicity and disregard of unimportant detail. Chiaroscuro, the staple of oil painting, was ruled out. The painter must suggest to the imagination what was not there. He must call upon the beholder of the picture for his collaboration, and he was fortunate in that alongside him was growing up a nation of Connoisseurs on whom no suggestion, even of the subtlest, would fail of its effect. "For Art in any form" as Mr. Morrison, most justly says "is nothing but a language—the vehicle of a transcendent message from mind to mind." And here I would pause for a moment to preach my own sermon, not for the first time in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, that Art must be democratic, must inform our national life, must not be the luxury of the few, a closed book to the many, not a mere Sunday-go-to-meeting-in-a-top-hat affair, but something permeating, sweetening our existence morning, noon and night. That is what it has done for the Japanese and that is what it may come to one day in Europe when we realise that the spiritual essence of things is something better than the material cloak.

But why, it will be asked, did it come to Japan in its infancy and must it come to us, if ever it does come, in old age? The answer is easy. It is because Japanese Art was in its origin essentially childish. It is because Japanese Art is the direct outcome of its calligraphy. From earliest childhood in Japan the brush is in everyone's hand. It, instead of the pen, is the instrument of education. Their writing is done with it, and the picture is only a further development of the hieroglyphics in which they write. As Lafcadio Hearn has said, "It is not surprising, considering the strangely personal, animate, esoteric aspect of Japanese lettering, that there should be wonderful legends of calligraphy, relating how words written by holy experts, became incarnate, and descended from their tablets to hold converse with mankind!" And if this could be said of mere handwriting, what could not be said of the pictures painted by master hands which were but the transcendent developments of these same hieroglyphics? What wonder that Japanese critics should have said, as they have said, of the living lines of certain masters "that, had it chanced in the midst of a stroke that a swift sword-cut had severed the brush, it would have *bled*." And it was this intimate relationship between handwriting and painting that gave the Japanese painter an audience at once stimulating and appreciative.

But I have only touched the root of Mr. Morrison's great subject when I see the limits imposed upon me by a relentless editor. I should have liked to enlarge on the fact that landscape painting, with us the invention of yesterday, has afforded to the Eastern painter his chief means of expression for a thousand years; that in treating other subjects it has been his primary aim not so much to paint them with consummate skill as to suggest the part they play in the visible universe. I should have liked to do more than merely pray the student not to turn away from Eastern Art because to his conventional eyes it may at first sight appear in many cases grotesque and childish, but to persevere until he comprehends something of the Eastern view, assuring him that once started on an adventure full of delight, he will go on until perhaps even the school of Nan-jui, may yield up its secret to him. And,

talking of Nan-jui, I should have liked to enlarge upon the fact that the revolt against professionalism in the middle of the eighteenth century resulted in a movement advocating principles almost identical with those of the post-impressionist of to-day. But these and a hundred other things of compelling interest are dealt with by Mr. Morrison better than I could deal with them and I cannot do better than send the student to the fountain source. There he will find the master-key with which to unlock one of the most fascinating and fantastic caskets in the world, filled to the brim with treasures of boundless delight.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

## MR. GEORGE MOORE'S CARICATURE.*

When Synge wrote "The Playboy of the Western World" and many people protested that it was an excessive caricature of Irish peasant life, Mr. Yeats retorted that Synge had paid the Irish peasantry the profoundest compliment in his power by making them the subjects of his art. Now that Mr. George Moore has paid Mr. Yeats himself a similar profound compliment by making him the cockshy of his caricaturing genius in "Hail and Farewell!" one hopes that Mr. Yeats will be equally philosophic. Superficially, there seems to be little in common between "Hail and Farewell!" and "The Playboy." Mr. Moore is a dealer in prosaic acids: Synge was an adventurer into the grotesque infernal regions of poetry. They are alike, however, in having written of Irish life with what Mr. Masefield has called "brilliant malice." Synge's malice was pessimistic and, if it is not straining a word too hard, almost affectionate; Mr. Moore's is gay and has claws. Synge's laughter had something horrible in it: his exuberant phrases expressed, not exuberance of spirit, but a wild pursuit of vitality. Mr. Moore's jests, on the other hand, are never anything approaching horrible, though they are often cattish. He has reassuring self-command, and, even when he is saying the worst he can remember about his old friends, he does so with the imperturbable cheerfulness of the smoke-room. Still the descent from "Esther Waters" and "The Untilled Field" to "Hail and Farewell" is as precipitous as, in Synge's case, was the fall from the universal beauty and symbolism of "Riders to the Sea" and "The Well of the Saints" to the rococo parody of "The Playboy."

There are, of course, a multitude of readers who urge that we should judge literature quite apart from its reference to reality. But both Mr. Moore and Synge challenge us as realists. Mr. Moore, as he himself knows, is one of the greatest realistic novelists living: "Esther Waters" gives him a position as the greatest realistic novelist who has yet written in English. Synge, too, claimed that he had brought reality upon the stage. He insisted on the realism even of his separate phrases. And both "Hail and Farewell!" and "The Playboy" are masterpieces of realism for a considerable part of the way. Mr. Moore gives us in "Hail and Farewell!" a ruthlessly true account of his return to Ireland during the Boer War in order to assist in the literary and dramatic revival. But his ruthlessness is the ruthlessness of the mocker, the observer of surfaces, not the ruthlessness of the imaginative man, the observer of souls. He can show us Mr. W. B. Yeats hurrying in and out of a bun-shop or helplessly in need of rest and refreshment after a brief spell of work. But he reveals to us nothing of the Mr. Yeats who wrote "The Wind among the Reeds" or who kept alive the Abbey Theatre.

Only once does his portrait of Mr. Yeats rise far above the level of caricature, and that is when he describes him as a Grand Inquisitor of Art, a priest of literature who could burn you at the stake for writing badly. Mr. Moore may praise you for a moment, but the next moment he will say in the hearing of all that you have no back to your head or describe your nose or your figure in a way that will make you look mighty ludicrous. The truth is he has neither respect nor affection for Ireland—a land of ruin and weed, he calls it—and amid the artistic and national enthusiasms of Dublin, he was as uncomfortable as a fish out of water. Of Mr. George Russell ("A.E.") alone he speaks in unconditional praise. The measured uncomplimentariness of his descriptions of Irish movements and the leading personages in them is seen at its most innocent in his account of a speech in Irish by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League.

"A torrent of dark, muddied stuff flowed from him, much like the porter which used to come up from Carnecum to be drunk by the peasants on midsummer nights, when a bonfire was lighted. It seemed to me a language suitable for the celebration of an antique Celtic rite, but too remote for modern use. It had never been spoken by ladies in silken gowns with fans in their hands, or by gentlemen going out to kill each other with engraved rapiers or pistols. Men had merely cudgelled each other, yelling strange oaths the while in Irish, and I remembered it in the mouths of the old fellows dressed in breeches and worsted stockings, swallow-tail coats and tall hats full of dirty banknotes, which they used to give to my father. Since those days I had not heard Irish, and when Hyde began to speak it, an instinctive repulsion rose up in me, quelled with difficulty, for I was already a Gaelic Leaguer. Hyde, too, perhaps on account of the language, perhaps it was his appearance, inspired a certain repulsion in me, which, however, I did not attempt to quell."

Unfortunately, repulsion is not the stuff of which literature is made, and one wearies of Mr. Moore's repulsions in this book as in "Memoirs of My Dead Life" one wearied of his loves. Moreover, one suspects his genuineness. He makes even truth look quite unlike herself by compelling her to attitudinise in fancy dress. In the result, his book must be judged as a *jeu d'esprit*—a *jeu d'esprit* in the politest of bad taste—at the expense of the Irish literary revival. This, and something more. Waste and pettiness though much of the book is, there is enough wit and observation in it to last any ordinary novelist a lifetime. And there is the exquisitely-phrased overture in which Mr. Moore gives us a study of Irish gentry in decay which has no equal in literature. It is his humour to boast that he would have saved the Irish language and given it a masterpiece which would have been hailed throughout Europe, had he only in his boyhood in the West of Ireland used his chances to learn it, and written the story of the passionate people who lived about him. There is more in this than jesting. Mr. Moore is the only great novelist that Ireland has produced: he is one of the novelists of Europe. His genius, even in "Hail and Farewell!" is a constant amazement and delight. His waste of genius in the same book—his niggling nastinesses and unimaginative disparagements—make one wish that some faith or affection had saved him from giving to the cafés so much that was meant for mankind.

ROBERT LYND.

* "Hail and Farewell! I. Ave." By George Moore. 6s. (Heinemann.)

## SOME OF OUR SINGERS.*

When England was a nest of singing birds she did not listen to the song of other than domestic creatures, whereas I have been distracted all this morning by the most exotic importations. One of them is no more foreign than was the writer of "Hajji Baba"; we may quote these verses of Mr. Ben Kendim on Woman Suffrage:

"When seaweed binds a storm at sea, when spiders break the oak,
When architects can make a mosque of rainbow, night and smoke,
In those dear distant days a man will rule his women-folk."

* "Eastern Songs." By Ben Kendim. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)—"Sword and Blossom Poems" (Vol. III.). Done into English verse by Shotaro Kimura and Charlotte M. A. Peake. 3s. 6d. net. (Hasegawa, Tokyo; and Simpkin, Marshall).—"Under the Swedish Colours." Done into English verse by Francis Arthur Judd, arranged by H. M., with a Preface by Edmund Gosse. 1s. net. (Mathews.)—"Verses." By Dolf Wyllarde. 1s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)—"The Epic of God and the Devil." By John Frederick Rowbotham. 10s. 6d. net. (Baylis.)—"The Cup of Quietness." By Alfred Hayes. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Fifty Poems." By John Freeman. 1s. net. (Herbert and Daniel.)

And often certain methods have been brought to bear :

"There's sunset on the Bosphorus, the Conqueror's golden stream,
And all the peace of Paradise in gardens where I dream,
And peace as deep as the deep sea inside my cool Harim."

But it is rather disconcerting to find Mr. Kendim, from out his oriental robes, singing of Galahad, and still more disconcerting to read him on Bismarck, with no reference to anything eastern :

"Pray that you be utterly forgot,
You and your triumphs, mean bargains of your trade,
Friendship a feint, your sacrament a plot,
Your lies the twins of oaths, your kiss before you shot,
Creator of the people you betrayed."

In "Sword and Blossom Poems" (Vol. III.) we welcome an old friend, Mrs. Peake, whose versions from the Japanese are perfectly delightful. This book, printed in Japan and beautifully illustrated by native artists, has seduced me utterly ; but no alien arts are needed by this verse :

"'Tis Autumn, and the early morning air
Here in Arashiyama strikes so cold,
The kindly Maple trees have bade us wear
Brocaded garments of their red and gold."

And this is the first time that Mrs. Peake has included love songs. Here is one, translated from an anonymous writer :

"Scatter your blossoms, Cherry trees, I pray,
To keep my friend still longer at my side.
Quick ! with your drifting snow of petals hide
The Road by which he thinks to go away."

Mrs. Peake is to Japanese poetry what Mr. Cranmer-Byng, author of "The Lute of Jade," is to the Chinese. What can be more beautiful than this :

"As on the mountains, when the Clouds above
Fall to the earth in Mist—a man may see
The dim, white blossom of some Cherry tree,
So only have I seen the One I love."

The Swedish poems are not so well translated, and it seems as if Mr. Judd had attempted to be quite faithful, to be quite literal, omitting no word, whereas he should rather have striven to omit (if possible) no spirit and none of the perfume of poetry. As the adventurous Queen Christina lies upon her death-bed :

"Nay, this is more than dreaming : who should dare
To sing without in teeth of order stern ?
From heavy slumbers suddenly aware,
What sounds are these ? the dying Queen would learn."

And yet it is interesting to walk awhile in such untrodden meadows, even if we cannot say that from this little book we have derived those exquisite sensations of the Swedish philosopher, Strindberg (an "austere writer," says Mr. Gosse, in his introduction to this volume), when he took a celebrated forest walk, and as his feet trod now on moss and now on earth, experienced a universe of thrills. The sonnet by Count Snoilsky (1841–1903) on Cellini is good, so far as the idea goes, and this brief song, "The Goth's Song," of Viktor Rydberg, is well rendered :

"In northern woodlands
The pine-trees nod,
O race of Woden,
War-rousing God !
Go down where cypress
And cedar sigh,
'Mid slaves unmanly
Content to die.
Lull them to slumber
With song of the sword ;
To bergs auroral
Bear golden hoard.
To the warrior's cairn,
To the hero's mound,
Where fir-trees shadow
The darkling ground."

Before I allude to "The Cup of Quietness," and to Mr. Rowbotham's work, a book by the well-known novelist, Dolf Wyllarde, attracts attention. She is more modest than Mr. Rowbotham, who, I believe, calls himself (or permits his publishers, though not of this book, to call him) "The English Homer." Miss Wyllarde's prose, of which I do not profess myself more than a moderate lover, had not prepared me for "The Flower-Seller." Here is the last verse :

"'Violets, sir ?'
Her basket shows a scented heap,
One splendid colour, soft and deep,
And such a contrast matched with her,—
This mud-stained wreck, who plies her trade
On perfect things that God has made !—
'Violets, sir !'"

This is a very varied and a fascinating book. On the other hand Mr. Rowbotham is not to be merely laughed at ; he is a facile rhymer, he is moved by the horrors of life into such a passion that we are ashamed at his unfortunate effect on our sophisticated eyes. But what will you, when in a most righteous ode, "The Devil at Prostitution," he gives us :

"Each unsuspecting girl
With many a sunny curl,
Converting her into a hag diseased and dirty,
Before she's anything like thirty."

and this about the Devil, who

"Out of the joy to be her lord and owner,
Often comes to visit her *in propria persona*."

With the name of Mr. Alfred Hayes I own that I have hitherto been unfamiliar. I must ascertain if in the four books which he has already published there is anything as fine as the poem "To my Little Daughter," with these stanzas :

"Thou still hast taught me, since the dawn
Of that May morning, when I stood
Joy-stricken on the dew-drenched lawn,
While all around
The great bird-chorus gathered to a flood
Of rapturous sound ;

"And mingled my full heart with theirs,
And, as the sun rose, sought again
The cradled answer to my prayers,
And met those eyes
Untroubled yet by joy, undimmed by pain,
So calm, so wise."

Now and then, in Mr. Freeman's "Fifty Poems," you will run across a line which trips you up : "Was it Love's Ghost's last call ?" And one resents it thoroughly, because in this delightful little book one is led on so trippingly ; and if one halts at all it is to meditate the startling beauty of a line or passage or a poem. The exquisite No. 20 I have seen quoted elsewhere, and Mercutio would have treasured it. No. 32 is another gem which, after celebrating Love most worthily, concludes :

"Love, Love, what shall be said of thee,
Blind Pilot singing over the sea ?"

These fifty poems—it is to be hoped that his next collection will embrace a hundred, and so on, and so on—show a great variety of metre, and if here and there it is a trifle academic it is never otherwise than interesting, while on some occasions the success is brilliant. Here is the last verse of No. 3 ("Evening Beauty : Blackfriars") :

"So in her darkening loveliness is she seen
Like an autumnal passion-haunted queen,
Who hears, 'A captain-king is nigh the gate'—
'Tis Antony, Antony !' Then hastens she,
Beauty to beauty adding yet, till—see,
A queen within the queen perilous with love and fate !"

By calling his book "Fifty Poems" Mr. Freeman has inclined me to a calculation. It appears that he sells beauty at an average price of ·006 of a penny a line. There are in these days few investments that can be so safely recommended.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

# Novel Notes.

**THE BELLE OF SANTIAGO.** By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin is perfectly at home in romantic melodrama; he catches the appropriate atmosphere of mystery; he knows how to manage a strong scene; his characters glow with the fire of their passions; he has no place for business or anything that savours of the workaday money-making life; sentiment holds undisputed sway. The reader of "The Belle of Santiago" is not long left in doubt as to the depth and nature of the sentiment which draws young Anthony Heron into a midnight meeting with the beautiful Señorita Mercedes under the walls of her father's castle; nor does the outraged parent, alighting upon the rash couple, conceal his feelings on this preposterous violation of Spanish etiquette. "Get a mattock and dig a grave big enough for two," he commands his men forthwith. The lovers, however, are spared this untimely end by the intervention of Anthony's friend, Don Lopez, the soul of honour, who placates the father by marrying the discredited Mercedes, well knowing her love can never be his. Broken-hearted, Anthony returns to England, where in due course he receives a message from Mercedes: "I have borne a child that she may wed with your son. Antonio mio, you will do this for my sake . . ." This is the central point of the plot. At long last we see Anthony's son retracing his father's footsteps and, after many adventures, finding with Mercedes' daughter the happiness that was denied to their parents. Mr. Burgin provides an entertaining character in Pedro, the optimistic little waiter, and an unusually powerful one in Cuchillo, the faithful dwarf with the great dog-like eyes. "The Belle of Santiago," is a capital story—it has an ingenious plot, and is narrated with a deft and skilful lightness of touch.

**THE MONEY MOON.** By Jeffery Farnol. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

If the charm of "The Broad Highway" was its picturesque realism, the charm of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's second novel, "The Money Moon," is its dainty and delightful unreality. It is almost as fantastically improbable as a dream, but it is one of the happiest and most winsome dreams that ever a man remembered after he woke. Jilted by a pretty American girl, who is fascinated by the title of an English aristocrat, George Bellew leaves his valet behind in London and sets out to tramp the road into the country hoping to find forgetfulness and balm for his wounded vanity. He walks straightway into some amusing rough-and-tumble adventures and thence onwards into the golden meshes of a new and exquisite love affair that develops in an atmosphere of quaint humour and gracious sentiment and is shaped to an idyllic end by a series of cunningly devised disasters, misunderstandings, and a final daring and desperate abduction. The characters are wonderfully human and real; Bellew himself, the blundering, good-hearted, romantic-minded American millionaire; his quaintly philosophical valet; the witching Miss Anthea, working her farm and taking in lodgers; Anthea's man, Adam, and her fanciful little nephew, George, otherwise Small Porges; the wistful Miss Priscilla and her soldier lover—they are all sketched with sympathy and humour and in the very colours of life. They are actual persons playing their various parts in one of the blithest, tenderest, freshest, and most delightfully Arcadian dream-stories that was ever written.

**SAINTS, SINNERS, AND THE USUAL PEOPLE.** By St. John Lucas. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. St. John Lucas is no provider of mental pabulum for subscribers to the circulating libraries. He writes because he has got something to say, a way to say it in, and a select but appreciative public. He is a writer indeed worth following up, and those who love wit, humour, and irony, and are not repelled by a style which is at once mobile, well-bred and restrained, may be recommended to make acquaintance with his second book "Saints, Sinners, and the Usual People," a book which we have no hesitation in describing as the best volume of short stories that has come our way for quite a long time. The promise in these stories—and a great promise they make—is made by their variety. There are three stories poking excellent fun at the Saints—tales which in treatment and intention show a sort of hesitation between the kindly Catholic attitude towards the hagiology adopted by Baron Corvo in those delightfully funny "Stories Toto told me," and the frankly and derisively anti-clerical spirit in which Anatole France approaches the legends. There are three ironical studies in the unexpected, which are as good as anything Mr. G. S. Street gave us years ago in "Episodes." There is a screaming piece of farce ("The Statute of the Commander"), an excellent, because non-anthropomorphic, story of a cat ("The Pale Cat"), an attempt, but not quite a successful attempt, at a grisly shudder ("The Gorgon's Head"), and three studies full of mordant humour which the author calls "Grotesques."

**ETHAN FROME.** By Edith Wharton. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Wharton has more than satisfied one's expectation, and her art has never been shown to greater advantage than in this story of Ethan Frome, the young Massachusetts' farmer. It is a tragedy, almost unendurably poignant, but justified by its inevitableness. From his youth Fate dealt hardly with Ethan. His father died, leaving him a bleak unproductive farm, and a failing saw-mill. After a lingering illness, his mother also died. That was in the Fall; had it been in the Spring his future might have been different, but Ethan dared not face the winter alone in this "New England farmhouse that made the landscape lonelier." Then he took his first step toward the abyss: he asked Zeena, the tall, uncomely, raw-boned woman who had nursed his mother, to be his wife. From that time his life was a martyrdom, for Zeena soon showed her real character as a sickly, querulous neurotic. Then came the next stroke of Destiny. To save expense, for the poverty at the farm was grinding, Mattie Silver, the penniless young cousin of Zeena, was invited to live with them. As the girl served without pay her cousin suggested that on the rare occasions, when there was an entertainment in the village, Mattie should go to it, so that she should not feel too sharp a contrast between the life she had left and the isolation of the farm. On these occasions, Ethan, although at first he had inwardly demurred at the extra toil imposed on him, was accustomed to fetch home his wife's cousin. Soon he found himself wishing that the village might give all its nights to revelry. Gradually the wife's suspicions are aroused; a hired girl is employed, and Mattie must go. Poverty makes Ethan helpless; money might have saved two lives, if not three, but there is none. So the blow falls in the last act that is to consign the three to a living death. It is a beautiful, sad, but intensely human story, working out to its final conclusion with all the inevitability of a great Greek tragedy.

**MADEMOISELLE CELESTE.** By Adele Ferguson Knight. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The French Revolution seems still to be an inexhaustible theme for romance. Just as our sixteenth-century poets would win their spurs by writing a sonnet-sequence, so our modern historical novelist enters the field with a romance beginning at the time when the tumbrils were hurrying to the guillotine. The book before us opens with a scene showing Celeste arriving at the actual place of execution, when her escape is cleverly effected by a diversion created by her lover and his accomplice. To the accomplice falls the task of escorting the heroine to England and to safety. The adventures of the pair supply an enthralling story, the love of Celeste turning from her renegade Royalist lover to her resourceful champion. Ingeniously avoiding the commonplace, the author keeps the

heroine in France, as she elects to forego the certain safety of flight, by returning with her husband to share the fortunes of his tenantry. It is a well-written, interesting novel, and possesses not a little of the atmosphere of gallantry and romance that seem to belong by right to this period. The author's name is new to us, but it is a pleasure to welcome as a first attempt, a book so creditable and workmanlike. If the beginning of the story almost inevitably recalls a familiar chapter in Dickens, it is due to the author to say that the rest of the story is worked out with undoubted freshness and originality. In fact, the plot contains quite a number of clever and ingenious surprises.

**NO SURRENDER.** By Constance Elizabeth Maud. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Art is a jealous mistress, and when a brilliant writer endeavours to advance a cause through the medium of fiction the artistic quality is bound to suffer. That is not to say that "No Surrender" is not an interesting, witty and brightly-written book. Indeed, given the conditions, it is about as good as it could be. Those familiar with rural life in England will recognise the truth of, and will be delighted with, the incisive pen pictures of Sir Godfrey Walker, M.P. and his wife; Sir George Crompton and his sister. These are types which are to be met with in every English county, and they serve to illustrate in secular life, what the phrase "invincible ignorance" implies in ecclesiastical parlance. The life amongst the mill hands would seem to be equally true to life, and some of the characters—notably Jenny, who is a fine creature—are apparently transcripts from life. On the whole the book is written with restraint, but one hopes and believes that the incidents described in the chapter headed "In the Punishment Cell" are exceptional. But pray, Miss Maud, now that you have done your duty by your sex, give us some more of the stories we love so much better.

**A SOCIETY MOTHER.** By Edmund Bosanquet. 6s. (Long.)

If, as we believe, "A Society Mother" is the first work of its author, we shall in future watch the publishers' announcements pretty closely for the name of Mr. Edmund Bosanquet. There are many excellent qualities in his work. He can tell a story very well, and his chief fault of occasional over-elaboration is one of which he will soon be able to cure himself. And besides, he certainly possesses gifts of lifelike characterisation. But perhaps the best point about "A Society Mother" is that the author is clearly well acquainted with the life he describes. It really would seem that he knows the life and manners of the "Smart Set." The plot of the book is comparatively simple. Howard Leonardson, a Jewish financier of unimaginable wealth, has fallen in love with Mrs. D'Enville, who is unhappily married to a spendthrift and unfaithful husband. Having got D'Enville into his power, he proposes that that gentleman shall consent to be divorced from his wife, when Leonardson believes that she will marry the man who is able to offer her love and luxury. His scheme succeeds to a certain point, but it breaks down altogether when Mrs. D'Enville's son puts his veto upon his mother's marriage. Very clever is Mr. Bosanquet's study of the love existing between his mother and her son, and very pleasant too are the sketches of the boy's school life at Eton; but though it is on the side of the angels, it cannot be said that "A Society Mother" will prove acceptable reading for everybody. But the sophisticated novel-reader will doubtless—and quite justifiably—admire the book.

# The Bookman's Table.

**PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND HIS TIMES.** By Frédéric Loliée. Adapted by Bryan O'Donnell, M.A. With 16 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.)

Monsieur Frédéric Loliée is, as all the world knows, one of the leading authorities upon the period of the Second Empire, and probably no living writer is better equipped to undertake the duty which Monsieur Loliée has set himself in the present work. The author tells us that his design is to write a complete biography of Talleyrand—after Napoleon, with whose character his is contrasted to excellent effect in these pages, one of the most remarkable geniuses France has ever known. This task the author has found it impossible to compress within the covers of a single volume, and he accordingly projects a second volume dealing with the latter portion of Talleyrand's life, and opening with the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna. Thanks to a large amount of new material which has recently been discovered, Monsieur Loliée is enabled to throw a novel light upon the character and aims of his hero. He by no means neglects the lighter side of Talleyrand's character, and much space is set aside to a consideration of the society of the day. Mr. Bryan O'Donnell's English rendering of this most interesting book is worthy of the highest praise.

**SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.** By Lewis Melville. 12s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

Everybody who is interested in Thackeray—and who is not, nowadays?—will find something to interest him in this book of Mr. Melville's. It is a collection of miscellaneous papers that have, for the most part, already appeared in the English and American magazines, but three good chapters are here published for the first time. You have chapters on "Thackeray and the Dignity of Literature"; Thackeray

**Madame Grand, Princesse de Talleyrand.**
From "Prince Talleyrand and his Times" (John Long.)

as a reader and critic of books, as an artist, as a writer of ballads; on Thackeray and his illustrators; on the London of "Esmond"; on Thackeray and Dickens—fourteen chapters in all on various aspects of Thackeray's life and work. He was not a great critic, preferring second-rate books of the first class, as Mr. Melville says, to the greatest. "While as a matter of course he admitted that Milton was a great poet, he added that 'he was such a bore that no one could read him.'" Perhaps you may think this slightly discounts what Mr. Melville has said elsewhere of Thackeray's culture and Dickens's lack of it; it is an interesting point, anyhow. When he began as a critic, "like most young writers," observes Mr. Melville (and he might have added like a good many older ones) "he sought for the blemishes rather than the virtues of books sent to him for review"; but growing mature he saw that "love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred," and that it was better and even cleverer to be kind than cruel. In discussing the merits of Thackeray and Dickens, Mr. Melville sometimes betrays a little natural bias; he declares that "if jealousy existed between the two men, it was not on Thackeray's side"; yet elsewhere he tells how anxiously Thackeray inquired about Dickens's sales and his own, and in yet another place confesses that "for many years Thackeray envied Dickens his popularity and financial success." The book affords further evidence, if any were needed, of Mr. Melville's intimacy with all that concerns Thackeray; it is full of various information that will be helpful to the student, and its light and gossipy style makes it attractive reading for the general reader. The illustrations are numerous and really illustrative.

**MY ATTAINMENT OF THE POLE.** By Dr. Frederick A. Cook. With 50 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Arlen & Co., Chichester House, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.)

It is hardly our purpose to go into the details of the controversy as to whether Dr. Cook ever reached the spot on the earth's surface which he likes to speak of as the "boreal center." He may have done so, or—which is probably the more generally accepted opinion in this country—he may not. For ourselves, we are neutral, but the reader will notice that we have not included our notice in the "Novel Notes" section of THE BOOKMAN. The reason for this is that we are uncertain whether the book really is fiction or fact, and we must therefore take it at its own valuation. But we will say that if it is fiction, it is very good of its kind. Almost would Dr. Cook persuade us. . . . He writes well, certainly, though we cannot but think that nearly a third of this book—in which the most astounding charges are made against Admiral Peary—is very ill-advised indeed. The whole of Dr. Cook's story is here given in much detail, from the start of his expedition down to the present day, and it is only right for us to say that if it is true, the bitterness with which certain portions of it are treated is at any rate partially justified. The mere onlooker will find the book to be one of great interest, and for that at least Dr. Cook may be thanked.

**THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE.** By Ford Madox Hueffer. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

It is a very astonishing thing that this book, which is a sign of the times, should contain so little that is absolutely original; and that, in spite of its lack of originality, it should be almost startling. Mr. Hueffer writes, casually and dogmatically, what many of the most expert minds of the day have thought and are thinking. He is careless in definition, he repeats himself, he says everything with a sort of large, imperious nonchalance. He cries out upon modernity, and upon Victorianism, in quite the usual manner of the conversational critic. Yet there is health and vitality in all he says—enough to make this book shine like a good deed in a naughty world, and enough to set a-thinking all the people who do not possess, and who will not understand, what he calls "The Critical Attitude." In fact, Mr. Hueffer writes as one of that small body of men, of whom Mr. Arnold Bennett is the most notable—the craftsmen-critics. He brings to his criticism the sure, trained sense of the writer who cares most for art and its expression, without emotional credulity, and without the amateurishness of the average educated unprofessional critic. But his valuation of such writers as George Eliot and Mr. Galsworthy, his characterisation of the Great Figure of the Victorian era, his studies of modern dramatists, are all familiar to those who move in literary circles; and may, to some, appear as purely temperamental as the quite different opinions of so temperamental a critic as, say, Mr. Chesterton. Outside these circles, Mr. Hueffer may earn a legitimate triumph; his opinions may be listened to with what he describes as "dislike and dread"; they may provoke a startled indignation; but only if his book can be put into the hands of those who blindly accept tradition in literary opinions. Thus, on the subject of Shakespeare, Mr. Hueffer may arouse disquiet by his assumption that the greatest English writer is probably inferior to Turgenev; when he says "to the great bulk of educated criticism of to-day, George Eliot has become a writer unreadable in herself and negligible as a critical illustration," he may shake the reader who has always been a little uncomfortably loyal to the tradition of George Eliot's supremacy; he may terribly distress many people by his elaborate explanation that "money spent upon the Arts is not only money invested in sound securities, but that it adds distinctly to the good-will of the nation as a going concern." If he can convince those who are not already convinced, Mr. Hueffer will have triumphed indeed; but his book is largely addressed to the converted. The fact that he has himself assisted earlier in that conversion will no doubt be a satisfaction to him; and "The Critical Attitude" should be read by all who truly care about just estimates; yet, in its very nature, the book must appeal most strongly to those who have acquired or are acquiring the Critical Attitude for themselves. It is, in fact, written in a professional key—of Art as it appears, from the inside, to the artist. It is deliberately unheroic, free from illusion, and suggestive rather than final. Where it becomes important is in its definitely anti-Philistine and anti-sentimental character. Mr. Hueffer, with his fellow-craftsmen, looks upon Art without pretence of even the most accidental kind. He demands the "vision of things as they are." It is that which makes him a realist in criticism, far from the elaborate thesis-monger, or the poet who picked a handful of gems from Shakespeare's plays and exclaimed at them. Such a book may be casual, the proofs may have been passed unread, some of the individual opinions may seem debatable: What remains is the extraordinary sanity of the artist who is familiar with the work of his contemporaries, and who does not hesitate to appraise it.

**THE ENGLISH COURT IN EXILE.** By E. & M. S. Grew. 15s. (Mills & Boon.)

It would be ungenerous not to pay a special tribute to the patience, ingenuity, and research that have gone to the compilation of this new and imposing-looking record of the life of James II. and his Queen at Saint-Germain. If zeal, experience, a consistent determination to be thorough, and a literary appetite that can assimulate and emphasise trifles with an almost prodigious readiness, would make a work of fair historical proportions, this story of the life of James II. and his family at the Chateau of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and their relations with the French court after their precipitate flight from London in 1688, would be one of the season's literary triumphs. Unfortunately, a mere taking of pains does not reconstitute history on a large scale. That work demands a certain breadth of vision, and a certain sense of aloofness that these authors do not exercise and, as a consequence, their history-making, though based upon a first hand study of contemporary diaries, memoirs, histories, pamphlets, and manuscripts, sinks occasionally to the level of the every-day manufacturers of books. Students keenly interested in this vague and troublous period, will be grateful of course to Mr. and Mrs. Grew for the scholarship and the trouble that they have expended; the authors give a very carefully balanced and stirring account of the incidents that led up to the flight of James II. to France, but from a reader's standpoint, the work appears

**An Apartment of the English Royal Family at St. Germain.**
Reproduced by permission of Mr. Salomon Reinach.
From "The English Court in Exile," by E. and M. S. Grew. (Mills & Boon.)

to suffer afterwards from the fact that a distinct portion is then allotted to James's expedition to Ireland. This section is really rather clumsily contrived. At the same time, the authors give a clear and succinct story of the efforts made by the unhappy monarch to recover his throne, and have made a careful and able study of the character of Louis XIV. showing his treatment of the exiles to have been always "that of a great king and a great gentleman. His relation to the fugitive and ruined guests was without reproach. It was dictated by the most delicate courtesy, by the most boundless generosity. All that he had was placed at their disposal."

**WITH NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.** By Edward Bruce Low. 15s. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

This volume embodies the work of the late Edward Bruce Low among documents and diaries dealing with the Waterloo and Peninsular campaigns. It is now produced under the editorship of Mr. Mackenzie MacBride who furnishes a most interesting introduction in which he comments on the habit of weaving the story of history round its few great leaders in warfare. The British citizen, he says, has little idea of the extraordinary exertions, privations, discomforts, which are suffered chiefly by the common soldier in the ranks. "Of the real warfare no accounts with which we are acquainted give a picture anything like so graphic as the words of the actual soldiers themselves." Perhaps the most important chapters of the book are those dealing with Napoleon at Waterloo, though they occupy less than a third of the space. The vital strategic importance of Hougomont is interestingly elaborated by the late Edward Bruce Low in a chapter on "The Guards at Waterloo," in which he quotes Victor Hugo's remark: "This corner of the earth, could Napoleon have held it, would have given him the sovereignty of the world." The closing of the gates of Hougomont was due to the magnificent bravery displayed by two rugged Highlanders of immense stature, Colonel Macdonnell and Serjeant John Graham. The diary of Napoleon's equerry, Jardin aîné, and the journal of one of his Aides-de-Camp give rather pathetic glimpses of the great Emperor on the field of Waterloo. Both of these documents, printed for the first time in this volume, are interesting and have some real historical value. The diaries of "the actual soldiers themselves" are very plentifully used. Serjeant Nicol describes his experiences with Abercrombie and Moore in Egypt; Serjeant Robertson's diary is quoted for the ghastly story of the retreat from Corunna. The late E. B. Low points out that if the British Government, instead of splitting up their magnificent army of 90,000 men at this time of European crisis, had sent an adequate force to assist the Spanish and Portuguese allies, five years fighting in the Peninsular would have been saved. Wellesley, it will be remembered, had only 20,000 men with which to oppose the combined armies of France (at that time ten times more numerous than his own), owing to the decision of Canning and Castlereagh to aid Austria in the war they were waging with France, and their determination to equip the ill-fated Walcheren expedition. Ruskin, in "Praeterita," tells us that he traversed the field of Waterloo without the slightest inclination to be a soldier. After reading this fascinating record and the diaries of the brave and simple warriors who have painted so vividly the horrors of war when robbed of the romance of the battle field, we must confess that we, too, have very little inclination for the soldier's life. We should add that the book is provided with a serviceable index and many excellent illustrations, but why not have placed them opposite their context? For instance there is on page 60 a portrait of Sir James Macdonnell, to whom we have already referred in the defence of Hougomont, but the reader must turn sixty-three pages before he will find any reference to him. This carelessness diminishes the value of the illustrations.

**IRISH RECOLLECTIONS.** By Justin McCarthy. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Readers who have reached middle age will be delighted to find Mr. Justin McCarthy still alive, and—well, *not* kicking—kicking never was the *forte* of Mr. McCarthy, otherwise he would have made a bigger figure in Parliamentary life—but talking, and talking in these early "Irish Recollections" of his, with a charm and vivacity rather rarely to be found, we fancy, in the work of a veteran, eighty-two years old. The novelist to whom we owe "Dear Lady Disdain," the historical student who described the "History of Our Own Times," the politician whom Charles Stewart Parnell dismissed with bantering acerbity as "a nice old gentleman for a lady's tea-party," is our creditor for so many hours of easy instruction and innocent amusement that we trust many a New Year will come round before so genial and popular a personality undergoes the inevitable eclipse. The present generation, accustomed to what is grandiloquently called the sociological romance — the kind of fiction we mean that Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Oliver Onions write—can have little notion of those leisurely days of the 'eighties and early 'nineties, when Mr. James Payn, Messrs. Besant and Rice, and Mr. McCarthy introduced us to charming girls and pleasant men, and never

troubled us with anything even dimly approaching to problems and social tendencies. How immeasurably distant from the present year of grace those days seem! Mr. Payn is dead, Sir Walter Besant is no longer with us; but happily Mr. McCarthy can cry "So am not I." And those of us who still have pleasant memories of his "Donna Quixote" and his "Maid of Athens" must join with that younger generation which has enjoyed the life of Gladstone, and derived instruction from his history of "The Reign of Queen Anne" in hoping that for many a long day the author of so many delightful books may be spared to make the boast. Certainly these latest reminiscences of Mr. McCarthy's show no signs of failing force or impaired vitality. Written with an urbanity, a kindliness, a tolerance, and a mellow wisdom that are the note of their author's style they deserve, and, indeed, cannot fail, to be widely read. No one who wants to know the average life led by a cultured and gently-born Irish family in the first three decades of Queen Victoria's reign can afford to overlook Mr. McCarthy's latest chapters. If we had to single out for praise any particular pages in these "Recollections," they would be those in which the author pays a fraternal tribute and raises a charming memorial to his sister Ely, and those which are devoted to an account of that extinct master, the Irish absentee landlord.

**The Castle of Sirmione.**
From "How to See Italy," by Douglas Sladen. (Kegan, Paul & Co.)

# Notes on New Books.

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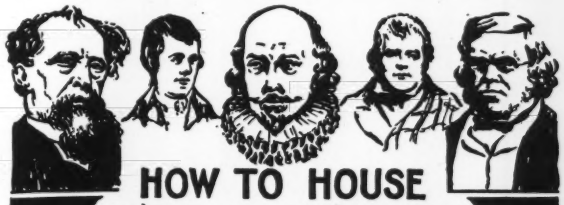

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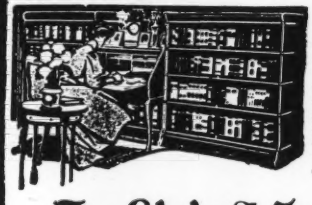

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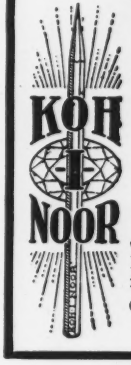

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